The Outlook

March 19, 1924

hat is Conservation etween Politicians?

ONGRESSIONAL ignorance of the real issues involved in the Washington tempest (or the will- refusal of Congress to recognize those ues) is certainly illustrated in the ac- n which the House has taken in regard the proposed lease of Muscle Shoals Henry Ford. The McKenzie Bill, ch authorizes the acceptance of Mr. rd's bid, has been passed in the House a vote of 227 to 142. The majority favor of the bill was composed of 57 publicans and 170 Democrats. The e against the bill was composed of Republicans, 19 Democrats, and one mer-Labor.

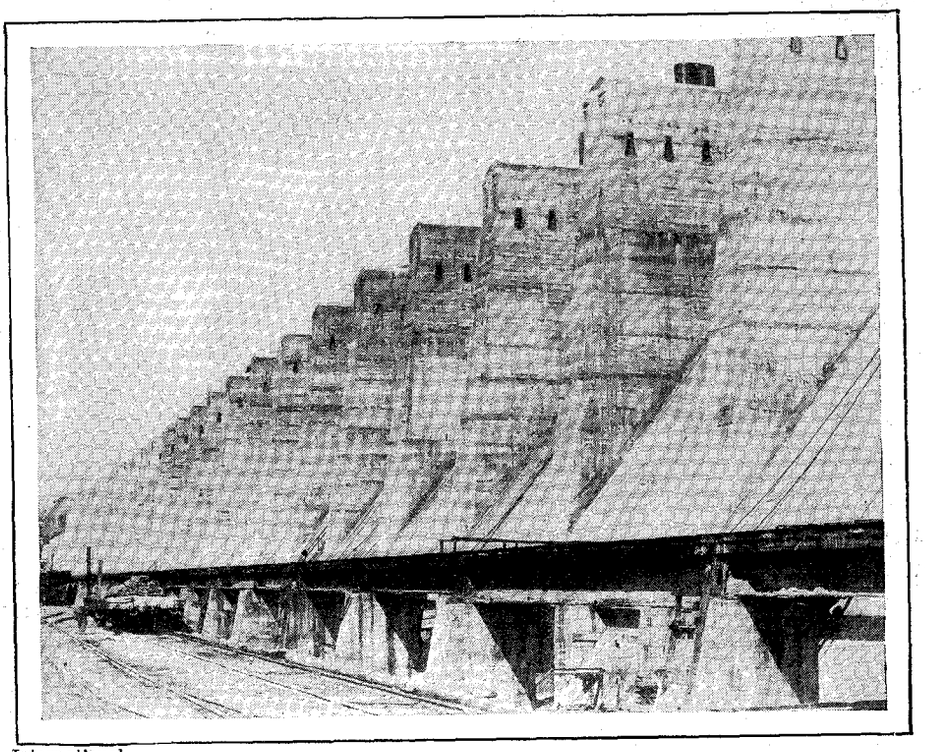
his vote is significant of an attitude ongress towards the real issue in the nvestigations. That issue is the con- vation of our natural resources and control for the benefit of the Na- The bill authorizing the accept- e of Henry Ford's bid violates the ndamental principles of our accepted nservation programme.

It provides for a hundred years' lease. ne Federal Water Power Act, with nich the Ford lease ought to conform, ovides for no leases longer than fifty ars. There is no reason why the precee- nt established by the Water Power Act ould be violated, no matter how ad- ntageous the financial terms of the d lease may be to the Government.

t should be noted, too, that an effort keep in the bill a provision that the ses could be recaptured if Mr. Ford his heirs failed to live up to their con- t was thrown out of the bill by a vote 197 to 176. The action of the House not particularly encouraging to those o hoped that out of the welter of rges and counter-charges there might ow a reawakened sense of trusteeship the public domain. It ought to arouse gry and indignant protest.

s the Senate Becoming ltogether Irresponsible?

EW political enterprises have been more discreditable than the effort on ne part of some Senators to smirch with l the name of Calvin Coolidge. Be- nuse President Coolidge sent two tele-



International

A close-up view of the downstream face of the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. Twenty-five feet more is to be added to the top of the structure and a roadway twenty-three feet wide will extend from shore to shore on top

grams to Mr. McLean, publisher of the Washington "Post," thanking him for a message of congratulation, and requesting a message to be given to the President's secretary on a matter concerning the District of Columbia, these partisan Senators have tried to make it appear to the public that Mr. Coolidge is somehow involved in the oil investigation. Senator Lodge's indignant protest against this sort of thing ought not to have been left to be uttered by a member of the President's own party.

The fact is that the Senate Investigating Committee has been doing its best to make the country distrust the Senate and to distrust investigation. Columns of questions and answers appear in the newspapers day after day. The casual reader of headlines may imagine from these lines of print that something is really being discovered; but the careful reader of it finds practically no grain in the chaff. The committee is fast turning a solemn duty into a farce; and, what is worse, it is leading the public to believe that accusations which rest upon evidence are all only a part of the political game. Even Mr. Doheny, who did not hesitate to buy political influence for his oil interests, has been put into the position of being falsely accused by Senator Wheeler's charge that Mr. Doheny "furthered the revolution against the Obregon Government in Mexico." Mr. Doheny has given Senator Wheeler the lie in terms calculated to arouse something more than resentment if there is the least truth in the accusation.

Cannot the Senate make its impulsive members behave?

The Trail of the Betrayers

CONGRESS, sorely afflicted with sensations of its own uncovering, has received a lusty one from the Chicago grand jury which investigated the Veterans' Bureau charges. The report of the grand jury, accompanying indictments, said that evidence brought out showed two members of Congress guilty of accepting money for exerting influence to secure release of prisoners. President Coolidge immediately ordered a grand jury empaneled in Washington to investigate this charge.

With as little delay, Representative Garrett, Democratic leader, demanded a Congressional inquiry. Request was made upon the Department of Justice

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for the names of the two members accused. This request was denied, on the ground that Government prosecutors were not authorized to reveal grand jury information to Congress. The names, presumably, were given to President Coolidge alone.

Despite the failure of the Congressional request to bring information, two names were whispered about the cloakrooms as those of the Representatives involved. Thereupon two Representatives made statements to the effect that they understood themselves to be the men mentioned. Both asserted innocence. One demanded investigation by the House; the other asked that the public refrain from judgment until the facts were known.

The Chicago grand jury made ugly charges other than those involving two Congressmen. One was that officials of the Government had accepted money for exerting influence to secure the return of seized liquor. It is not clear whether this charge also is to be investigated by the grand jury which the President has ordered empaneled in Washington.

Justice to Mr. Gregory

In one of our editorials on the Teapot Dome situation there was a sentence which has been interpreted as implying improper conduct on the part of ex-Attorney-General Gregory. It was far from our intention to imply anything of the sort. All that we wished to do was to indicate the reasons which led to the withdrawal of Mr. Gregory's name as counsel in prosecuting the oil cases, both civil and criminal. The testimony before the Senate committee shows that the employment which Mr. Gregory accepted was of a minor character in a company not generally known to be a Doheny company. Indeed, Mr. Gregory himself, we believe, did not know until after Mr. Doheny's testimony that this company was in any way associated with Mr. Doheny's enterprises.

In view of Mr. Gregory's excellent record while Attorney-General with reference to the Naval Oil Reserves, it would be particularly unfortunate to have our statement misinterpreted as an unjust criticism.

At the cost of a direct conflict with Secretary Lane and of sharp criticism from members of Congress, Mr. Gregory put up a valiant fight for the integrity of the Naval Oil Reserves.

It is not unlikely that among those now loudest in their praise of the Naval Oil Reserves are some who most bitterly criticised Mr. Gregory at the only time when the fight for the Naval Oil Reserves had a chance for success.

Fotograms

Manuel Roxas, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Philippines, head of the Mission asking for Philippine independence

The Time Has Not Come for Filipino Independence

The Insular Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives has voted to report a bill providing for Filipino independence. The present condition of the House considered, this is certainly no time to attempt to consider such an important question, and one that requires calm and intelligent discussion. Unfortunately, the introduction of this bill is likely to add to the troubles of the Government of those islands, where Governor-General Wood, with his usual capacity, has been bringing order out of something like chaos. If we have decided to give the islands their independence when they are fitted to receive it, then Congress has that one point to consider—that is, whether the Filipinos have progressed to an extent that would make it possible for them to maintain themselves as a free people, with the orderly and capable government such a people would require.

Immediately after the Committee voted to report a bill, President Coolidge wrote a letter to the head of the Independence Mission. It was an excellent letter, and one that should be studied by all who have the real interest of these islands at heart. He makes it clear thoughtful people that the time has n yet arrived for independence. He ev doubts if the responsible citizenship the islands desires independence at t time. He shows that the Filipinos' p litical capacity has not yet had time develop sufficiently, and he not only sists that the criticisms of Govern General Wood were unfounded, but t the Governor would receive from Wa ington all necessary support. To quo

> I am frankly convinced that t very mission upon which you have a dressed me is itself an evidence tha something is yet lacking in develo ment of political consciousness an capability.
>
> One who examines the grounds o which are based the protests agains the present situation is forced to con clude that there has not been thus fa a full realization of the fundamenta ideals of democratic-republican gov ernment. . . . It has been charged tha the present Governor-General has ir some matters exceeded his proper au thority, but an examination of th facts seems rather to support th charge that the legislative branch o the insular Government has been th real offender, through seeking to ex tend its own authority into some area of what should properly be the execu tive realm.
>
> The Government of the Unite States has full confidence in the abil ity, good intentions, fairness, an sincerity of the present Governor General. It is convinced that he ha intended to act, and has acted, within the scope of his proper and Constitutional authority. . . .
>
> Looking at the whole situatio fairly and impartially, one cannot bu feel that if the Filipino people canno co-operate in the support and encour agement of as good an administratio as has been afforded under Governor General Wood, their failure will b rather a testimony of unpreparedness for the full obligations of citizenshi than an evidence of patriotic eager ness to advance their country.

It would be well for the various Co gressional factions, now in violent ar narrow partisan discord, to consider t President's letter with care. We ho that the House will conclude to acce the President's statement as a suggestio that the question be not debated at th term of Congress.

For the Training of Negro Docto

An item in the Interior Departme Appropriation Bill before the Se ate which would have provided $500,0 for an addition to the Medical School

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His fall, however, may be more likely precipitated by his own extremist followers. They will doubtless insist on presenting some unnecessary radical measures.

One of two things will doubtless then happen: (1) Either the Labor Socialists will all stand together rather than break up the party, and go down to glorious defeat, being overthrown by a Conservative-Liberal fusion; or (2) the moderate Labor wing will split off from the extremist and unite with the Radical wing of the Liberal Party.

Whether the Laborites go out or not, one thing is sure. Inspired by their experience in various municipal and social administrations, they have already taught the older parties that the country's need is not merely for economic or political but for emphatically social reform. The recent electoral overturn is therefore no mere mechanical counting of noses. The result shows that quality rather than quantity is to be considered. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, warned his own party the other day that, unless it shared the vitality found in the Labor Party, it would be unable to conquer. He said:

> The great source of strength of Labor is that they have in their ranks men who believe in their policy. They have the type of man who will give the whole of his strength and the whole of his time to bring about, as he believes he can, a better condition for his fellow-men. It is a perfectly genuine and optimistic feeling. That feeling sends workers of that party to canvass, to do propaganda, and to conduct the business of elections without payment or reward. It is a spirit which can only be beaten by a similar spirit in our party.

London, February 23, 1924.

The G. O. P. at the Bar

Special Correspondence from Washington

By STANLEY FROST

WHAT has the oil scandal done to the Republican party? How far does the public believe it has been proved unfit and untrustworthy? And how much can be done toward restoring it before election day?

These are the questions which are being discussed more carefully than any others by the political leaders in Washington. Conflicting plans to control the answers are being worked out quietly under the surface hysteria. And they are worth the attention paid to them, for, all in all, they are more important by far than the actual scandals, since upon the answers will depend, not only the result of the election, but whether the present explosion will bring about its one possible permanent benefit in the shape of better political morals. The answers in both cases depend almost entirely on the Republicans, for the Democrats have already given notice that they will not admit the need of any house-cleaning of their own, and their campaign plan is obvious. It is the Republicans' move.

Final answers are of course impossible for months to come. Because of their importance, however, it is worth while to study carefully the factors which will go into those answers and the indications as to the course the party will finally take. Enough of the dust has now settled from the explosion to bring the chief political results and their attendant problems into view, and they show a situation in which many things may happen, and in which public opinion will have a far greater influence than is usual in political affairs.

The explosion caused great political devastation, especially since it brought the second complete political upset in six months. Last summer most political observers believed that the tremendous majority which carried Harding into office had been alienated and Republicans were preparing for hard times. Then the President's death, making it possible to bury with him responsibility for policies which had cost so much and to capitalize on Mr. Coolidge's reputation, made a Democratic victory once more doubtful. The campaign promised to be safe and dull. Then came the oil.

Senatorial Scalp-Dances

IT is no wonder that the Democrats are jubilant, elated, vociferous; no wonder that Heflin and Ashurst do daily scalp-dances on the Senate floor, for there can be no doubt that the advantage is theirs again. To be sure, the Democrats have no constructive policies, no notable leadership, no strong organization, but they do not need them. Their tactics are simple and primitive; with their opponents already dazed and wobbly, they need only inflict what punishment they can and keep them on the run. Nor can they be greatly blamed if they do not always even pretend to fairness, for politics in the States from which many of them come still uses methods that would make the Tammany tiger blush.

It is true that there have been many Democrats smirched along with the Republicans, and that, if there is any value in rumors, others will also suffer. It is true, too, that many of the charges most obstreperously shouted against the Republicans seem very frail under any impartial scrutiny. These things trouble the Democrats little. The charges they make are valid in politics if not in justice, since they produce an impression on unthinking minds, and so make votes. As to the various exposures, they cannot possibly injure the Democrats as much as the Republicans, since the current rascals in the Democratic party are out of office and can be easily repudiated, while scandals dating before the Harding Administration are already such ancient history that there is little chance of their producing the excitement needed to give them political value.

It seems probable that, even including all present revelations, an impartial appraisal of politics for the last eight years would show little moral difference between the parties, for corruption has always been strictly non-partisan. Senator Pepper recently pointed this out.

"These things are questions, not of politics, but of character," he said. "Politics merely decides what particular kind of temptation will be put before a man. If he is in office, a weak or crooked man will abuse it. If he has left office, his temptation will be to abuse the influence the office gave him. The man who claims character as a monopoly of any party simply affronts common sense."

This is moral truth, but it is not political truth. Political condemnation hits far harder against the man found guilty while in office. So there is not much to complicate the Democratic attack. The most serious blow has been to McAdoo. Men close to him admit privately that they now expect that he will come to the Convention with about 350 instead of

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450 delegates, and that his highest point—on his own strength—will be under 500 instead of over 650. This means that he will not get even a majority, much less the necessary two-thirds of the 1,099 delegates, without outside help, and that the nomination will be decided by trading. McAdoo's weakening has increased the chances for Ralston, a man who can in no way be affected by any Washington scandal. So the Democrats see no need of repentance.

It is far different with the Republican party. It has been discredited *as a party,* since the charges lie against men whom it put into office and while they were in office. It cannot wholly escape responsibility for them by any possible means. And, perhaps unjustly in some cases, they are already condemned for all practical political purposes.

There are few Republican leaders here who do not admit that unless this situation can be changed a defeat is assured. It is generally agreed, also, that the thing that must be done is somehow to reduce the party responsibility. But here all agreement ends. There is a wide difference as to how drastic a clean-up is needed, how much can be trusted to reaction from Democratic exaggerations, how to go about the reforms. There is no leadership forcing united action—or even united inaction. In fact, there is a strong possibility that the confusion and quarrel may finally cause another fight inside the party somewhat like that which followed the Ballinger scandals and brought on the Bull Moose bolt in 1912.

Hang Together—or Separately

In the meantime the most striking thing about the party is its lack of coherence. It has made practically no defense either of the men or the policies under attack. No single leader has publicly stated any new standards which might win public support and to which the party could be made to conform. Chairman Adams of the National Committee takes one course and defends Daugherty; Senators Lodge, Borah, and Pepper, agreed for once, demand that he be ousted. The Progressives sit back and throw bricks with strict impartiality at both parties. There is no visible support of the President on the floor of either house; Senators and Representatives reply to the attacks weakly, if at all, and they permit to go almost unchallenged case after case of outrageous unfairness, such as the attempt to drag Mr. Coolidge into the McLean mess, which even Democratic papers resented.

Yet reports reaching here from all parts of the country agree that the one strength the Republicans have is the President. All indications are that he still holds the full trust of the Nation; indeed, that he has even grown stronger through his calmness and stability in the midst of the uproar here. The frantic attempts of the Democrats to make some muck stick to him show that they realize this. The reports indicate, also, that part of the faith in Coolidge is confidence that he will presently do something drastic, and that it will be good to look upon. But there seems to be a beginning of impatience.

The party, however, shows no inclination to avail itself of this one advantage, as the Congressional debates prove. This is not merely from a panicky inability to decide what to do. The fact is that many of the leaders do not like Coolidge; would willingly see his Administration break down, perhaps even at the cost of the election. There has been some whispering even among his nominal supporters about other possible candidates in case developments should indicate a chance to win, though it has so far been merely talk. Of course, if defeat is foregone, these men will gladly have Coolidge take the beating, so that he will be out of their way next time.

These men are chiefly of the old organization, professional politicians; the Progressives do not want Coolidge either, but for different reasons. And the "regulars" have their own plans for the future of the party, together with long-established rules for meeting trouble. Their first principle is to keep control, next to stand by their associates till they get singed, to make a last-ditch fight on every point, against every charge, to throw out a scapegoat only as a last forlorn hope, and finally to lose an election rather than their control. There is much political experience and wisdom behind these rules. The regulars rather expect to lose this year.

"The trouble with Coolidge is that he won't fight," one of them explained to me. "He's weak. And scared. He sits all huddled up and won't defend his men. His strength is only a tradition which may be exploded at any moment. The only thing we can do is to hold the party together the best we can, and hope for better luck next time." He went on to defend Daugherty, using the case to prove Coolidge's weakness.

On the other hand, there is a considerable faction among the leaders who are hoping for—it cannot yet be said that most of them are demanding—a house-cleaning which shall be drastic, complete, and convincing. Senator Borah voiced this attitude in his speech on Daugherty, though he goes further than most would. But he was supported in his demand that the President get rid of the Attorney-General by Lodge and Pepper, and they can fairly be counted in this group. Mostly they are less routine in their political thought than the first group.

"There is only one possible hope for the party," one of these leaders told me. "That is to show the country conclusively that the infection in the party was local and not constitutional, and that the old crowd of politically minded men has been definitely divorced from control or even important influence. We are organizing a definite movement to make the party show that this is true, but that movement is still in the formative stage, and not yet ready for open action.

"The reasons for a change in party control are convincing, except to the men whose thought centers in organization. The party has suffered enough for the sake of keeping the old crowd in power. They were wholly responsible for the defeat in 1912 and largely to blame in 1916. Then, when the mistakes of the Democrats and no merit of the Republicans once more put them in power, they give us this abominable exhibition. They have got to go—or the party will.

"It is not merely a matter of crime, for I do not believe there has been nearly so much crime as is charged. It is the state of mind that has been shown; the belief that anything was all right if you could get away with it, instead of that a public official should always be above the possibility of suspicion. There have been so many unfit appointments, so much waste, so little efficiency! A man does not have to be a criminal to be unfit to govern; yet that is the only standard these men set up. They have shown that they are unfit; they lose elections and discredit both the party and the Government. Now they are willing to lose another election; and I believe that a Democratic victory this fall would be a National calamity—for the sake of their machine. Our one chance is to clean them out utterly."

This man, too, had his criticisms of the President, though they differ completely from those already quoted, except in demanding more leadership. Others in the group agree.

"The President has no policy that I can see except to be calm," one such leader said. "This cannot last long, if we are to win or even to clean up the party. It is valuable for a while, however, since the disgraceful riots in the Capitol have put a premium on calmness just now. But it is a fictitious value, and before it wears off he must have something else to offer.

"I do not believe, myself, that he has yet fully seen the situation. He is in a difficult position, anyhow, and he cannot

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be in as close touch with opinion as we outside the White House are. He sees the Government running smoothly so far as official reports show, he knows perfectly that many of the loudest charges are utterly untrue, and he naturally does not want to act on anything till clear proof is given him. When it comes, of course he acts promptly, effectively, and justly. But I do not think he has yet seen either the actual weakness of the Administration due to unfitness and political-mindedness, or the effect this is having on the country.

"Then, too, he has been prevented from a general cleaning up and from surrounding himself with the men he would pick by his obligation to continue the Harding Cabinet. Every one approved when he announced that he would do that, and we can't decently blame him now. He cannot move those men just because of personal disagreements or because they are a burden to him; he cannot remove them unless he has full proof of their unfitness, and he has had mighty little *proof* of any kind given him. Most of them are patriotic and able men in their way; and he is not the kind of a man to throw any of them out because of mere noise. He has not yet been shown that there is any general discredit attached to the party.

"But he will see all these things shortly. Then we will get action."

The Cheerful Progressives

THE third Republican faction is that of the Progressives, about the only really happy men in Washington these days, since no oil or muck has yet fallen upon them. Their objections to the President and the party are on matters of policy, a demand for more radicalism. Thus they show no particular interest in the moral reform movement, which is based on principles rather than policies, and supported by men of many different opinions.

Many Progressives are estimating the chances of a third party movement. La Follette's refusal to support Johnson in the Dakotas is evidence of his desire to keep the radical vote in his own hands, in case a chance should come to use it. The general opinion, however, is that if a third party should be started it would not develop any great strength, because of the difficulty and cost of building an organization in the few months before election.

"If they do start, though, they'll raise the roof," a campaign manager remarked. "They would probably carry six or eight States in the Northwest—no more. They'd get them all away from us. But that would be enough so that the chances are no one would have a majority of electors, and the House of Representatives would elect. It would be the present House, mind you. You can do your own guessing as to what would happen."

And Now the President

THE President, all by himself, can fairly be called a fourth faction. He is the most important one. On the evidence, it seems clear that, so far, he is simply being an able President rather than a party leader. He has been politician enough to make his nomination almost certain, but he has not gone beyond that. He remains calm, dignified, a shining contrast to the Democratic howlers; he has handled the scandals fearlessly and done what could be done to assure level justice, but he has been merely an executive. The disorganization of the party shows that he has issued no political orders, and certainly has made no attempt to enforce discipline.

This is true even on other National issues. He has been Harding's heir, no more, carrying out a trusteeship quietly and effectively, but with an almost complete restraint of his own personality. His position on the bonus and taxation, which are the big issues raised so far, have been inherited as surely as has the Cabinet full of Mr. Harding's personal friends. The issues may, and almost certainly do, represent his own personal opinions, but they are none the less legacies.

The result is that many men here are coming to agree to a large extent with the attack made on the President by Senator Johnson in Chicago recently. That speech so well states this feeling that it is worth repeating.

"I am in a position of combating a mythical person who was created by a section of the press of this country," the Senator said. "The real Calvin Coolidge, who sits secluded in the White House, has done nothing to show the leadership, either of the Nation or of his party, that we have a right to expect from a President. The records demonstrate that the real candidate opposed to me has failed to take the leadership on a single domestic or foreign policy affecting this country."

Reference has been made to the belief that Mr. Coolidge is worried, if not scared. There is every evidence that neither is true. He certainly does not either look or act scared. Recent stories from his intimates tell of conduct that is not at all that of a frightened man, or even a nervous one. His discussions with callers and the reporters show no signs of it. And, if there is any virtue in the common beliefs about physiognomy, he was not made to be scared easily. He has the hooked nose of a hawk and "the jaw to back it up." Moreover, he has pale-blue eyes, which in gun-fighting regions are a recognized warning to the wise to be kind to their owner. My own impression is that the scare story is honestly come by, however, for men of that type seldom look dangerous—often they seem almost timid—till they get into action. Their forbearance is usually long, and always deceiving.

It Rests with Coolidge

THE opinion of most observers in Washington, then, is that the coming campaign and the future of the Republican party are entirely in the hands of Mr. Coolidge, and that he still has time to save both if it is in him. They believe that if he is to do either he must become a leader in his own right, instead of being spokesman for Harding's ghost. The more idealistic men believe, too, that his leadership must make clear the reform, and the extent of the reform, within the party.

But it is evident that if in doing this he alienates enough of the old organization he will merely insure defeat in another way. And, since a defeated candidate is of small value to either the party or the country, his real political problem is both tremendous and delicate. He must both as a statesman and a politician achieve all needed reform with as little damage as possible to the organization and the feelings of its leaders. He is entitled to move slowly.

He has already given convincing evidence that he is an able President. No one now doubts that he will enforce the law, give good administration, correct evils as soon as they are made plain, and keep cool. His advisers say that the country will be pleased with the quality of the men he has in mind for certain appointments not yet announced. But unless Washington information is entirely wrong as to the extent to which the Republican party has been discredited, this will not be enough.

Whatever is done, the President must do it. The organization men cannot carry through their plans unless he supports them; equally the men who wish drastic reform will be helpless without his backing.

So the political world, with a suspicion in its mind that he has not yet begun to fight, but may start any day, is waiting with deep anxiety. His course, when he does open fire, will probably determine the result of the election and will almost certainly fix the standards of morality in American politics for years to come.

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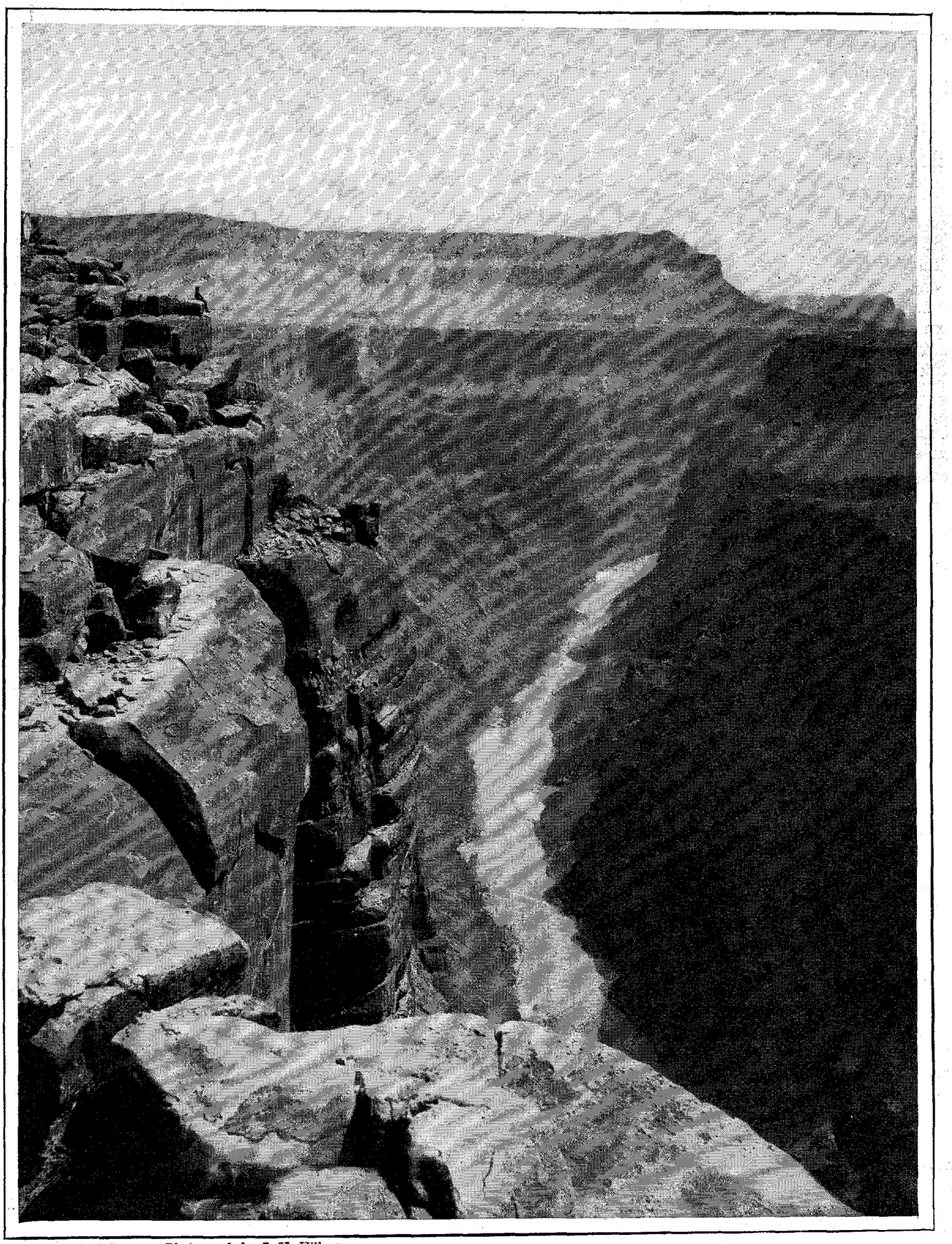

U. S. Geological Survey. Photograph by J. K. Hillers

Looking up the Grand Canyon of the Colorado at the foot of the Toroweap

Depth of the inner gorge about 3,000 feet

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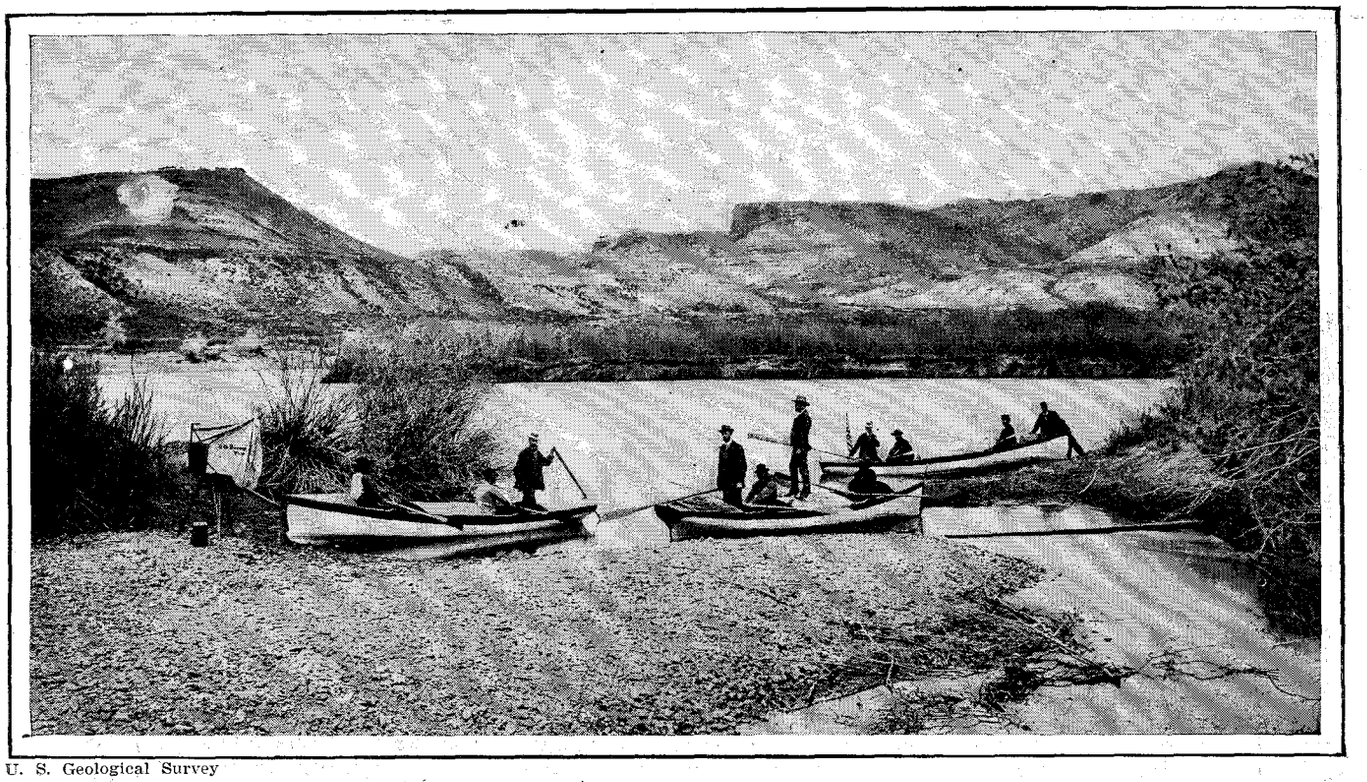

U. S. Geological Survey

Start of Powell's Second Colorado River Expedition, Green River Station, Wyoming, May 22, 1871

Powell's previous journey, in 1869, dispelled the worst terrors with which popular imagination had invested the unknown river, proving that it did not flow through subterranean channels nor plunge over cataracts greater than Niagara. The second expedition, undertaken with the aid of a Congressional appropriation, was a more ambitious affair, which developed into a comprehensive survey of the geography, geology, ethnography, and natural history of the region. The "Powell Survey" was one of four Government organizations that were eventually combined to form the United States Geological Survey, of which Powell became Director in 1881

The River of Adventure

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

WHETHER the Grand Canyon of the Colorado or the Himalayan vista unfolded at Darjiling is the most stupendous of earthly spectacles is a question concerning which travelers differ. Likewise there is no arbiter to decide whether the Mount Everest Expedition, which failed in 1922, or the Colorado River Expedition, which succeeded in 1923, was the most soul-stirring event in the recent history of geographical exploration. As a feat of valor both were eclipsed by Powell's historic journey down the Colorado in 1869. Now that the world is sounding the praises of Birdseye and his gallant comrades, who completed the mapping of the river last summer, it is worth while to turn back to the earlier adventure, which ought to be—but is not—known to every schoolboy in the land.

Major J. W. Powell left his right arm on the battlefield of Shiloh before he took to exploring. Despite this disadvantage, he set a new pace in his chosen field. When Powell and his companions, in four small boats, began their thousand-mile journey down the canyons, the "Colorado River of the West" was a name that spelled mystery and terror. The one positively known fact about the river was its descent of thousands of feet in the vertical, through narrow, mile-deep gorges, implying at best a succession of dangerous rapids, with the chances at least a thousand to one that there were cataracts, perhaps rivaling Niagara. Powell made more than a hundred portages; but there were plenty of places where the sheer walls of the chasms afforded no opportunity to leave the boats. Shooting rapids in such places, with the chances all in favor of going over the brink of a Niagara at the next turn in the stream, was an experience that these intrepid heroes faced day by day. Three men could not endure the test, abandoned the party midway, and were forthwith slaughtered by the Indians.

About half a dozen parties have accomplished this thrilling journey since Powell blazed the trail. Powell himself repeated his exploit in part in the early seventies; this time making a more thorough examination of the adjacent country, under Government auspices. How many adventurers have started down the river, only to be turned back by the fury of the waters, or have pushed on to their destruction, nobody can say, but the failures far outnumber the successes.

The expedition of last summer, led by Colonel C. H. Birdseye, of the United States Geological Survey, started from Lee's Ferry, Arizona, on August 1, and reached Needles, California, 450 miles downstream, on October 19. The journey was a succession of man-killing portages and

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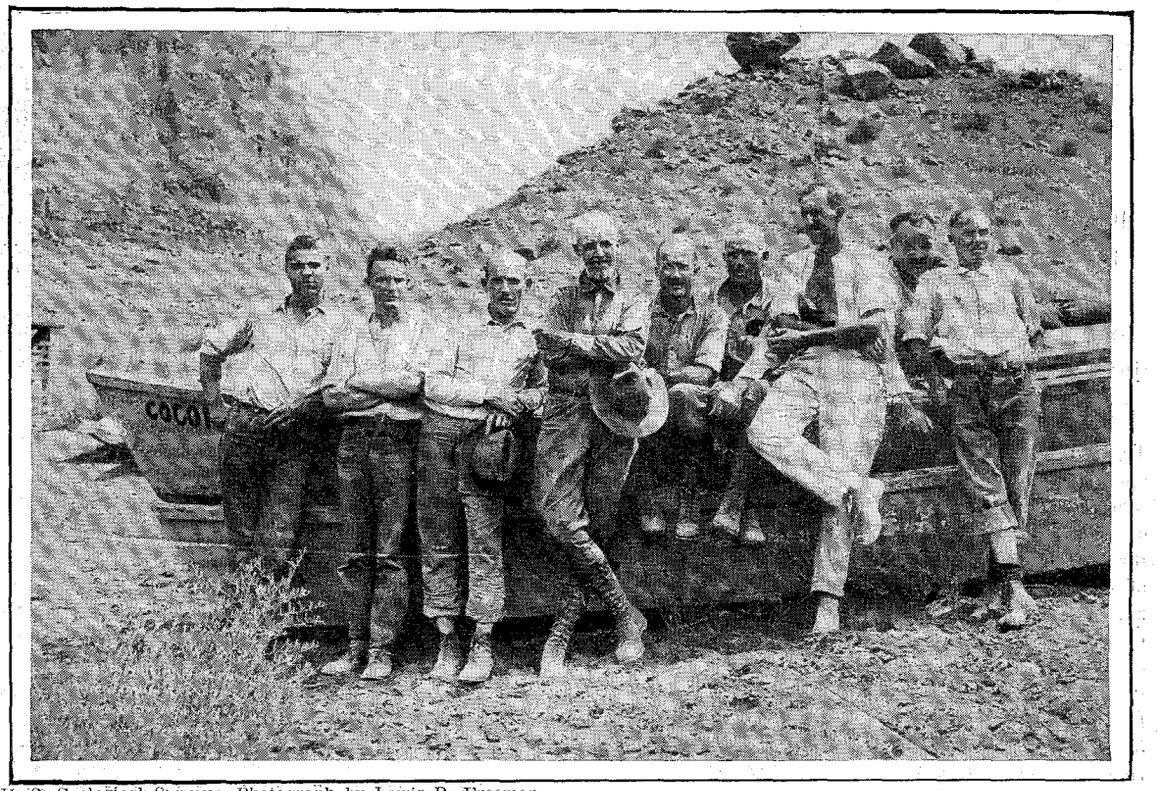
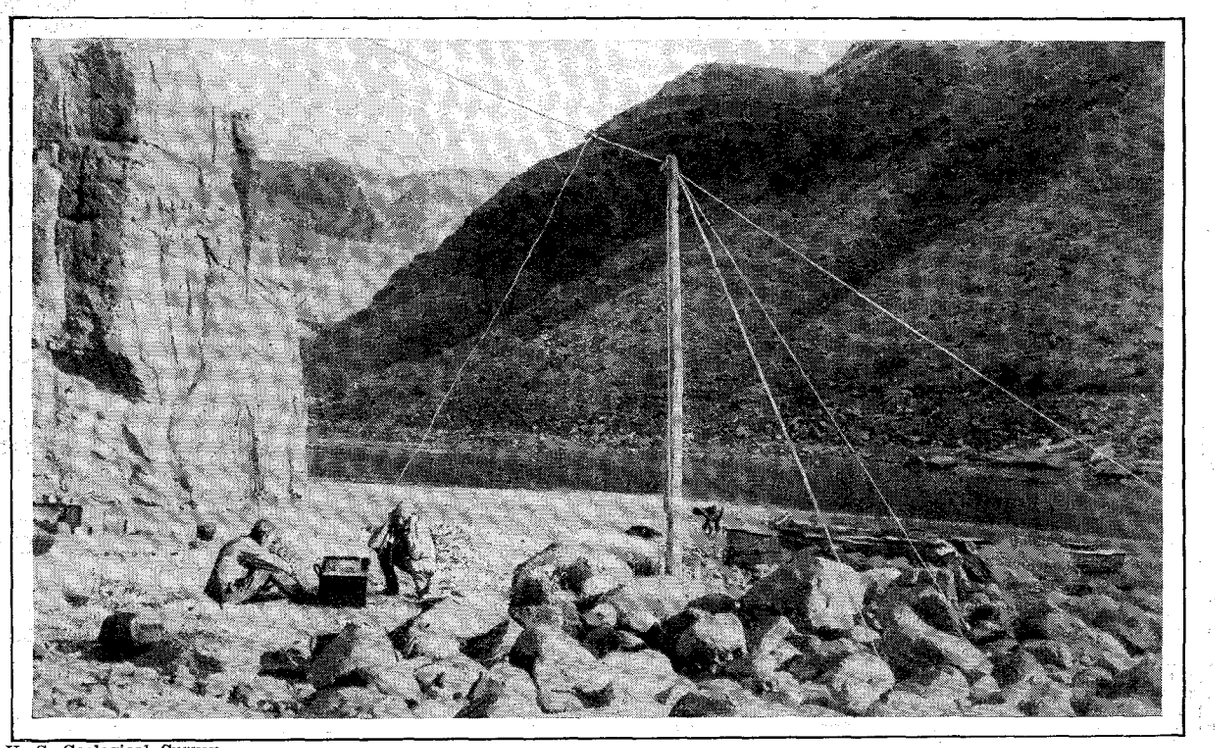


U. S. Geological Survey. Photograph by Lewis R. Freeman

The Men who Braved the Rapids of the Colorado in 1923

From left to right: Leigh Lint and H. E. Blake, Jr.; Frank Word; Colonel C. H. Birdseye, leader of the party; R. C. Moore; R. W. Burchard; E. C. La Rue; Lewis R. Freeman; Emery Kolb



U. S. Geological Survey

Radio Installation of the Birdseye Party

No up-to-date exploring expedition is completely equipped without a radio receiving outfit. In spite of prophecies that a radio set could get nothing in the depths of the canyons, that carried by the Birdseye expedition worked satisfactorily wherever it was set up. Concerts, baseball scores, and the news of the world relieved the hardships of the journey. The party heard of President Harding's death within three-quarters of an hour after it occurred

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The sweet shade of your government

(Henry V, Act II, Scene 2)

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

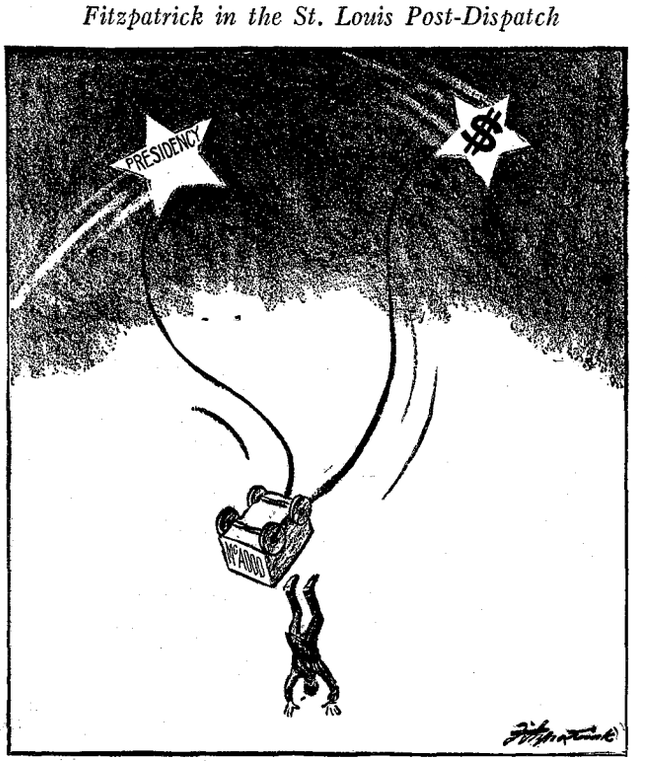
Why Start?

From J. H. Hamilton, Ardmore, Pa.

Westerman in the Ohio State Journal

And Yet We Rave About Oil Graft!

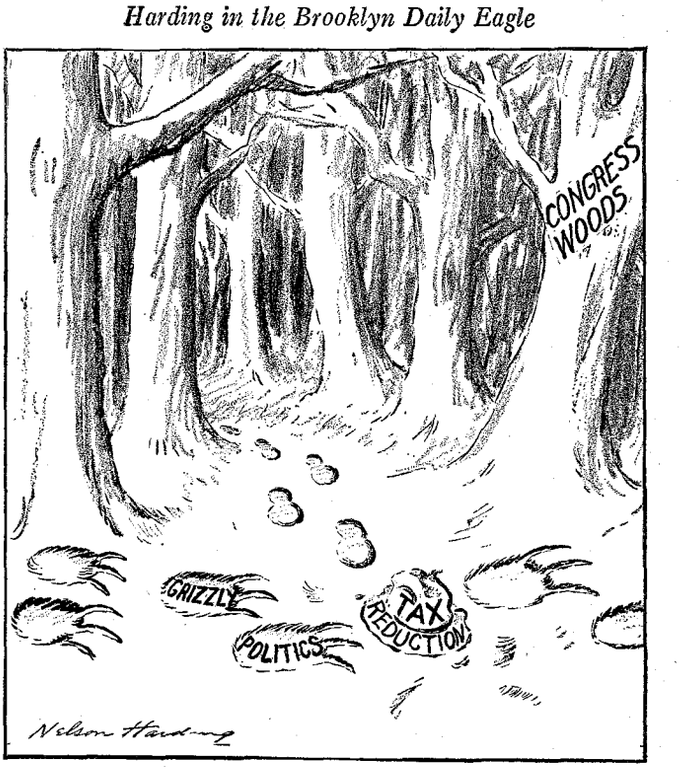
Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



Hitched His Wagon to Too Many Stars

From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



Bad Signs

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Howard University at Washington for the training of Negro doctors has been ruled out of order. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that in sustaining that point of order old alignments made at this session of Congress were broken down. Senators Caraway, Couzens, Curtis, and Dial were found together voting to sustain the point of order, while Lodge, Johnson of Minnesota, and La Follette stood on the other side. This action of the Senate, however, does not necessarily mean that the appropriation will not be made. The vote was on the method of incorporating the item in the appropriation bill; and, probably under a suspension of the rule, it will be considered later in another form.

The need for a much larger number of adequately trained Negro doctors is great. The Outlook, some months ago, pointed out the facts as to the dearth of capable doctors, dentists, and nurses of the Negro race. The need is greatest at the South. And, with the exception of Meharry Medical College, at Nashville, Howard University is the only institution which has a substantial beginning of the equipment necessary to provide such training for Negroes.

The Negro lawyer—and there is little difference of attitude between Southern white people and Southern Negroes on this point—is looked at questioningly, so far as essential usefulness is concerned. The case is quite different with the Negro physician. He, in the phrase of the street, has "made good." Nobody questions his genuine usefulness in helping his race forward.

Howard University's facilities for educating Negro doctors ought to be extended, and the $500,000 appropriation proposed is not too large. Whether or not the plan proposed for expending such a sum is the right one, The Outlook does not undertake to say. That is a question which Congress must answer and to which it can afford to give very careful thought.

Appropriately enough, and adding emphasis to the fact that Negroes are taking an active and aggressive interest in matters pertaining to health and the care of children, the tenth annual Negro Health Week will be observed from March 30 to April 5 inclusive. This will involve a useful programme, planned to interest and to instruct Negroes concerning many factors that seriously affect health. These will range from a "clean-up day," which includes city, school, and home sanitation, to broadcast information concerning preventable diseases, hygiene, tuberculosis, and the like.

It is obvious that such excellent programmes would be made more effective if there were a larger number of Negro doctors. In helping Howard University, then, Congress would very properly be aiding an important portion of our people to help themselves.

The More Humbug, the Better Hearing?

A few days ago John Powell, the gifted American musician, a native of Virginia, gave a daring piano recital in New York. The courage he displayed consisted in putting on his programme compositions of three American composers. Indifferent musical stuff imported from Europe is listened to in American concert halls with solemn reverence; but far better music by American composers has begged for a hearing. This is not a complaint of the incompetent, it is a mere statement of fact. What chance has the American composer in America when a critic of Henry T. Finck's standing can write as he did in his comment on this recital: "It [Liszt's Fifteenth Rhapsody] was preceded by three American novelties, two of which I did not remain to hear, as I have long since made up my mind that the only American who has had the knack of composing good short pieces was MacDowell, and his are never played"? The three compositions were "Moods," by George Harris, well known as a singer; **"Chaconne,"** by Bassett Hough; and "Birthday Waltzes," by Daniel Gregory Mason, of Columbia University, who is known not only as a teacher and a gifted composer (his symphony was recently performed by the Minneapolis Orchestra), but as a clear and thoughtful writer on musical subjects.

A few days before this recital John Powell's own Violin Concerto was played by Albert Spalding, himself a composer of talent, with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

The work of these men is free from humbug. That is a good deal to say in this day of the charlatan in art. It is useless to form organizations for the special performance of American works. The American public ought to demand that American compositions be given at least a fair hearing along with the works of other composers.

Baron Korff

Baron Serge Alexander Korff, who died suddenly in Washington on March 7, was a man of rare judgment in international affairs. His untimely death has deprived this country, of which he might be said to have been an adopted son, of a clear-thinking and wise teacher. His services in America were rendered principally as a lecturer at various American universities and colleges and as a writer. To these services he brought a rich experience in practical affairs.

Born in 1876 in the Russian city then known as St. Petersburg, he studied law there and abroad. After several tours in France, China, Manchuria, and Japan on behalf of the Treasury Department of Russia, he was sent in 1903 to St. Louis as Secretary-General of the Russian section of the World's Fair. In the Russo-Japanese War he worked in the Red Cross; from 1906 to 1918 he taught at the University of Finland, Helsingfors. After the Russian Revolution he became assistant Governor-General of Finland under the Government of Prince Lvoff, and continued under the Kerensky Government. At the Peace Conference in Paris he was engaged in work with the Russian Peace Delegation.

In 1905 Baron Korff married Miss Aletta Van Reyper, the daughter of the former Surgeon-General of the United States Navy.

On various occasions Baron Korff contributed articles to The Outlook. In the turmoil of the times in which he lived he retained his power to think clearly and to judge dispassionately while holding firm convictions. He understood his native country as few understand her who love her as he did; and he understood and loved America as well.

A Mecca for Americans

It is too bad that the daily newspapers could not have spared a little of the space which they are so generously devoting to the oil scandal at Washington to an account of a dramatic and impressive event which occurred just across the way from the scene of the oil investigation on February 28. On that day there was dedicated in the Library of Congress a Shrine for the permanent preservation of the originals of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. These immortal documents have been in the keeping of the State Department for many years, and, while they have been carefully guarded, they have not been so

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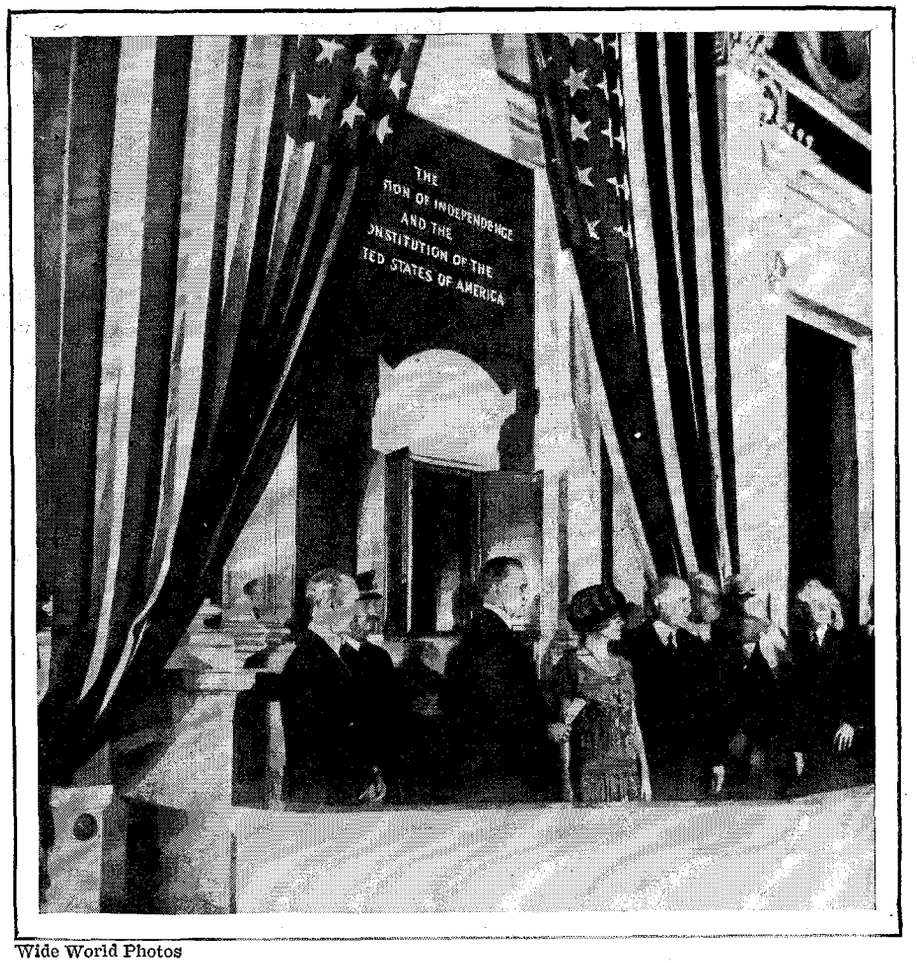

Wide World Photos

President and Mrs. Coolidge and Speaker Gillett, with other prominent officials of the Government, attending the unveiling of the marble shrine, built in the main lobby of the Congressional Library in Washington to hold the original Declaration of Independence and Constitution

protected as to insure their preservation from the ravages of time.

Under the direction of President Harding and an appropriation from Congress, a beautiful arrangement has been erected in the main hall of the second floor of the Library of Congress for the disposal and keeping of the Declaration and the Constitution in a way which will both preserve them and give the public free access for their inspection. Francis Bacon, the architect, a brother of the late Henry Bacon, who was the architect of the Lincoln Memorial, has designed this place of keeping, which in architectural form, beauty, and appropriateness may be called a veritable Altar of Liberty. The Shrine has a background of grayish-black marble, and on it is a case with bronze doors like an altar-piece, which contains the Declaration. Below this upright case is another case of marble, shaped like a desk, on which under glass are displayed five sheets of the Constitution of the United States. Between the two sheets of glass which cover the documents is a gelatine film which, although transparent, excludes the actinic rays, and thus insures the original lettering against fading. The whole is inclosed in a marble balustrade, and the entire arrangement forms, not only a fitting repository for the two great documents on which the American Republic rests, but is in itself a very beautiful memorial and an addition to the æsthetic quality of the Congressional Library.

The dedicatory exercises were very simple. President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge, the Secretary of State, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other members of the Senate and the House—a small but distinguished group—gathered in front of the Shrine, while the Librarian of Congress, Mr. Herbert Putnam, drew aside the flags with which the Shrine had been temporarily hidden and fixed the great documents in what will doubtless prove to be their final resting-place. There were no addresses and no words spoken, but as the flags were drawn aside a choir composed of members of the staff of the Library, gathering on the floor below so that the sound of the music rose up the well of the grand staircase, sang a verse of "America." Those who were present describe this simple dedication as one of the most impressive and affecting ceremonies which have taken place in Washington in recent years.

There is much talk nowadays about a revival of devotion to the Constitution. One way in which to cultivate a reverence for "the most remarkable document ever struck forth at a given time by the brain and purpose of man" is to urge every American who goes to Washington to visit the Congressional Library and perform his civic devotions before this Altar of Liberty.

Radio—the New Social Force

WITH almost stunning suddenness the radio has become a power boundless in possibilities for good or evil.

In all the history of invention, nothing has approached the rise of the radio from obscurity to power. Two and a half years ago radio telephony had a limited use concerning which the people at large had practically no knowledge. To a few interested in electricity it was an experimental toy. Then in the winter of 1921–2 began the sudden expansion of popular interest in radio which led to the establishment of broadcasting stations in several parts of the country. In a few months the users of radio were numbered by hundreds of thousands; but still the radio remained largely a form of amusement or entertainment. While radio broadcasting was still in its most primitive stage, The Outlook recognized its possibilities, and from early in 1922 it has co-operated with one of the large broadcasting stations in maintaining the standards in radio programmes. During most of this time, however, the radio's real power remained latent.

Now within a few weeks it has become a force in public opinion and public taste fitly comparable to the press.

On March 7 there was a demonstration of the range of this new weapon of the mind. After-dinner speeches delivered at the Waldorf Astoria, New York City, in the presence of members of the Technology Club of New York, composed of graduates of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, were broadcast over an area comprising most of the English-speaking peoples of the earth and many other peoples besides. It is not yet known to what extent the voices of the speakers were heard, but it is supposed that they were heard as far west as Aus-

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tralia and as far east as Constantinople. The sound of those voices was not only broadcast in New York by station WJZ of the Radio Corporation of America, but was carried by wire to Schenectady, New York, where it was again broadcast from station WGY of the General Electric Company. From the air the station KDKA of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company at East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, picked up the sound of the voices and rebroadcast it. In turn KFKX, also of the Westinghouse Company, rebroadcast the sound, which not only was heard over a wide area, but was picked up by station KGO of the General Electric Company at Oakland, California, and there again rebroadcast. In Manchester, England, at least one, and perhaps two, of the electric waves were caught at station 2AC of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company. WGY and KDKA each transmitted on two wave-lengths; the longer wave-length in each instance for receivers within ordinary range, the shorter one—a so-called relay wave—for transmission to distant stations. From the California station it is supposed that stations in Australia caught the sound, and from Manchester, where the speeches were rebroadcast to seven other stations under the direction of the British Broadcasting Company, it is possible that the waves penetrated as far as Turkey, where a receiving and broadcasting station might have caught and retransmitted these after-dinner speeches in New York. Soon after the speeches began, telegrams came pouring in from all parts of the country and radiograms from Great Britain. One hearer telegraphed from Maine that he had heard the speeches in New York as transmitted from Nebraska. Another hearer in Niagara Falls, New York, telegraphed that he had picked up these speeches on all five broadcasting stations. Word came from the Pacific coast that the speeches were heard there. And messages from England testified of the clearness with which they were heard across the Atlantic. One of the speakers, Calvert Townley, assistant to the President of the Westinghouse Company, addressed his unseen audience with greetings to those who were sitting down to dinner at San Francisco, getting up or staying up in London, and preparing for breakfast in Constantinople. General James G. Harbord, President of the Radio Corporation of America, estimated that the listeners-in numbered a possible fifty million.

Question Box

I

Yes, but were the oil leases advantageous to the Government?

II

How will you vote next November on Congressmen who make National tax legislation a party football?

III

If you see it in the headlines, is it so?

The effect of such an instrument on public opinion is apparent. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who spoke at this dinner, compared the radio to the revival of the Roman Forum on a world-wide scale, and he hailed it as a possible means for the salvation of democracy. That the officers of the broadcasting companies recognize their responsibility is to be assumed; but from what the representatives of these companies said at that dinner it was made evident. Mr. Townley, in his speech, said that the electrical manufacturers are engaged in radio, not to make money (though of course their companies cannot exist without making profits), but because they have the laboratories and the shops, and are therefore under a moral obligation to meet what the people rightfully demand of them. And Gerald Swope, President of the General Electric Company, foresaw the use of the radio as a means for general and perpetual peace on earth.

It is in the light of this new power, as demonstrated by the co-operative action of these three American companies and the one British company, that the recent announcements about the American Telephone and Telegraph Company should be considered. In the first place, that company has brought suit against the operators of the broadcasting station WHN to establish the law of control over patented broadcasting apparatus. Mr. Loew and others on behalf of the defendant claim that the complaining company is endeavoring to get a monopoly of the air; while the company replies that it is merely protecting its patents, which are rights granted to it by the laws of the United States. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company asserts that it permits the use of its patented apparatus by the payment of license fees. Here, then, at the outset, arises the same question in substance that has arisen with other public utilities. We believe that in this, as in other instances, a limited monopoly publicly controlled is preferable to unlimited competition. It is clear that if a company owns patent rights it must be protected against infringement; but it is equally clear that if a company puts a prohibitive price on the use of its broadcasting patents the public must have some remedy against the control of what is virtually a public utility by a private interest. If the radio is to become a vast public forum, it cannot be left under any private and uncontrolled monopoly.

Even with that principle established, however, another question must be answered before the radio as a stupendous social force can be protected against abuse. At present there is no means by which the cost of broadcasting can be charged to those who receive its benefits. Consequently there has been a great temptation to have that cost met by private interests not wholly compatible with the public interest. Fortunately, so far the sense of public responsibility in most of the broadcasting companies has kept the radio comparatively free from exploitation by merely commercial or other private interests. To meet the situation in part there has been established a "Radio Music Fund Committee" of New York, which plans to cover the expense of broadcasting the finest kind of music through station WEAF of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by popular subscription. The efforts of this Committee have not as yet passed beyond the experimental stage, though they have met with some encouraging response. It is plain that the public must meet the cost of broadcasting if the benefit of broadcasting is to be public. To put the radio into the hands of the Government would be to give to those in office a dangerous power. To leave such power in the hands of private corporations is to run a danger quite as great as that of bureaucracy. What is the answer to the problem?

Here is a new power inconceivable in magnitude. How is it to be controlled? How operated? How supported? Is this another monster which humanity as a reckless Frankenstein has created with-

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out controlling it? Compared with the power that lies in men's minds, the power that lies in oil or coal or flowing water is puny. The problem is so to control this instrument of mental power as to make it, not a menace, but a bulwark to our institutions of law and liberty.

A Head Hitting Yankee

CONNECTICUT Yankees are an outspoken tribe, and John T. Rowland has lived up to the traditions of his forebears. In his article in this issue of The Outlook on the problem of maintaining the integrity of our race he hits more than one head, and the heads are not always those of people of alien birth.

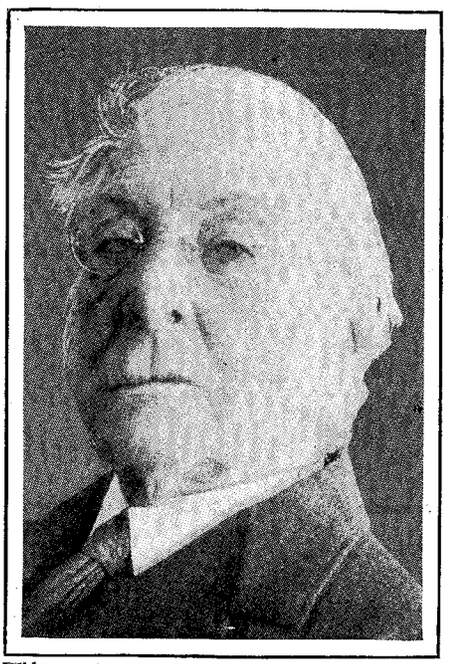
His frank and fearless article is a call to Americans of all classes to re-examine their concept of Americanism. It is a call to a searching inquiry into the results of policies which the Nation has, with the best possible intentions, pursued in the past.

In the light of present conditions and in the light of the growing resentment against the situation of which Mr. Rowland complains, it may be worth while to turn back to the pages of "The Federalist" and see again the picture of America as it presented itself to John Jay:

> Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people, a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs. . . . This country and this people seem to have been made for each other; and it appears as if it was the design of Providence, that an inheritance so proper and convenient for a band of brethren, united to each other by the strongest ties, should never be split into a number of unsocial, jealous, and alien sovereignties.

That picture of America is no longer true. The generous-hearted impulse which long supported the policy of regarding America as the world's city of refuge has destroyed our unity in customs, manners, and race. No one can be blind to the fact that the addition of people alien to the blood and traditions of our original population has enriched our life in many most desirable ways. We should have lost much of which we are most proud if we had built a Chinese wall about ourselves at the conclusion of the Revolution. No one can doubt, however, that America would be even richer in spirit to-day if it had, for the past hundred years, pursued a policy of intelligent selection based upon its own definite needs.

The country has certainly turned toward the idea of limited admission. It has not yet, as Canada has, been converted to the plan of choosing desirables, in contrast to the plan of excluding undesirables. It ought to select its immigrants by individual worth. The present Quota Law is artificial, cumbersome, and inexact. It causes needless suffering and does not accomplish the ends best suited to the welfare of America. It does not even carry out its own theories, for it discriminates in favor of those racial stocks represented by later immigration. Such articles as Mr. Rowland's will make even those who disagree with his views re-examine their premises. If we give too generously of America to the immigrant, there will be nothing of the old America to give either to the future immigrant or our own children.



Wide World Photos

Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, 90 years old on March 20

Make Yourself Heard

IF the American Nation is to extract any benefit from the Presidential campaign, there must be a concerted effort to bring the discussion and debate back to fundamental issues. Politicians must be made to feel that peanut politics are poor politics and that the Nation will hold them in November to strict account for sins of omission and commission during the months that intervene between now and election time.

There are lots of things which it is more profitable to discuss than the question as to which party has in it the most crooks and incompetents. It was to help in the effort to bring the real issues into the limelight that The Outlook arranged to conduct a poll of its readers on the planks to be inserted in the party platforms.

Next week the ballot for this poll will be published in The Outlook. We hope that our readers will co-operate as fully as possible in making this poll truly representative of their thoughtful opinions. We hope that in schools, in family circles, clubs, labor unions, granges, and other associations The Outlook ballot will be used as the basis for a careful study of the issues involved in the coming campaign. We believe that the indications of public opinion to be gleaned from these ballots will not be ignored in the party camps.

Charles William Eliot at Ninety

CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT at ninety is generally regarded as America's foremost private citizen.

A nation that has just made the greatest military effort in its history and achieved in war a military result without parallel is tacitly accepting as the most distinguished living product of its civilization a teacher. That fact outweighs all the criticism that has been directed against America for its alleged worship of the merely powerful or the merely rich. It is idle to allege that Babbitt truly represents the sort of men that Americans honor when we have to-day the evidence of the contrary in Charles William Eliot.

When he was elected President of Harvard, Mr. Eliot was only thirty-five years old. Until that time it was supposed that only clergymen of mature years were suitable for such a dignified position. Theology and the classics furnished the route by which every man who aimed to be fit to direct the training of the youth of our colleges was supposed to travel. Mr. Eliot was not only young, but he was a layman; and he was not only a layman, but he was not even a classicist—he was a chemist.

Credit must be given to the old system

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of education for its training of this chemist who was to overturn that system itself. In fact, what Mr. Eliot brought into education in America was, not a new system to supplant the old, but rather a view of education that replaced the worship of any system with a devotion to truth and liberty and a new respect for the individual.

So hard, however, is it to rid the human mind of dependence upon formulas and systems that this educational emancipator has been known as the champion of the so-called "elective system." The very phrase is a contradiction in terms. Under his administration at Harvard, students were permitted virtually to make each a curriculum for himself. Of course a student could take no course for which he was not fitted by some previous study; without some mathematical training, for example, he could not take a course in calculus. Within reasonable limits, however, every student could take what he pleased. He could devote a year to languages, and then drop them all and browse in the fields of philosophy, history, literature, and the fine arts. As a consequence, many undergraduates started wandering aimlessly through the fields of knowledge. Most of them, however, before graduation had found themselves going in a definite direction. They made mistakes, but the mistakes were their own, and not some one else's. To themselves, at least, they were under obligation to justify every choice they made. It was just because it was not a system that this liberty proved its educational value.

With the passage of time the liberty which Mr. Eliot introduced into college education, and even into the secondary schools, has lost its planlessness; but liberty it remains.

If to-day education is fitted to the individual instead of the individual being forced to conform to a system of education, if our schools and colleges have as their aim truth and not the vindication of some dogma or theory or system, it is largely because of Mr. Eliot's educational apostleship.

His influence on public thought has been large; but by disagreeing with him those who honor him most exercise that very liberty in the search of truth which he has preached.

To-day he crowns a long life with a spirit of youth. Born in the early part of the nineteenth century, he belongs as truly as any man to the twentieth. By the exercise of his gifted mind for nearly a century he has acquired strength which he is to-day using for the benefit of those yet to be. In honoring him his fellow-citizens are honoring one of the finest products of American democracy.

Political Skepticism

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

ANOTHER New England college is in trouble. No sooner had Amherst gotten over the painful experience of being the center of a battle of printers' ink, which raged furiously about its alleged radicalism, when the scene of the conflict was transferred to Dartmouth. On Washington's Birthday President Hopkins, of Dartmouth, speaking in Chicago, said:

> A man wrote to me protesting against a proposed appointment to the Faculty, contending I might as well bring in Lenine or Trotsky. I replied that if Lenine and Trotsky were available I would certainly bring them in.

Some friends of Dartmouth are up in arms against this statement. They contend, as equally good citizens contended when the New York Legislature attempted to expel some Socialists who were duly and constitutionally elected to that body, that no man who attempts, even by reason and persuasion, to substitute in this country some other form of government for that created by our fathers nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, ought to be tolerated in our legislative halls or our university lecture-rooms.

The Brooklyn "Eagle," whose editorials rank high in the heterogeneous and often mediocre mass of contemporary journalism, rises to the defense of Dr. Hopkins. "No good," it says, "was ever served by compelling colleges to teach only so-called safe and sane doctrines. The presumption is that by the time a young man is prepared for college he should have some glimmering of good and evil. If he is to be fed canned culture, he might better stay at home and get it out of his father's books."

With the doctrine espoused by President Hopkins and by the Brooklyn "Eagle" I am in hearty sympathy, but not with their expression of it. Lenine? Trotsky? "Ay, there's the rub." Education, like government, is founded upon some axioms which it is futile, except as a matter of mere speculative entertainment, to discuss.

If I were a legislator, I would vote to give a colleague a hearing who advocated by orderly amendment of the Constitution the abolition of the Presidency, the Congress, and the Supreme Court, and the establishment in their place of a Soviet or Executive Committee. But if he advocated the use of murder and assassination I would not argue with him, I would do what I could to clap him into jail.

If I were a college president, I would get the very best man I could to give my students an intelligent understanding of the Marxian doctrine of Socialism or Communism, but it would not be a bomb-thrower or a man who said, as Lenine did, "Steal from the capitalists, because the capitalists themselves are thieves."

I would not have a notorious bigamist, no matter how irritating and provoking his succession of wives may have been, to come and lecture on the failure of marriage as an institution, and advocate the bringing up of children *en masse* in state institutions, like puppies and calves.

I would not have, no matter how eloquent and entertaining he might be, a man come and lecture to my students in advocacy of perpetual motion or the theory that the world is flat.

If there were a medical school in my university, I would not invite a lecturer to come and denounce the microbian theory of infectious and contagious diseases, and assert that lesions and the breaking down of tissue cells are merely forms of thought.

I would try to see that my lecturers, or the members of my faculty, were, first of all, men of character. At once, of course, I should get into difficulty over the definition of the word character. But under these circumstances I should comfort myself with the feeling that there is in the Declaration of Independence a pretty good definition of character for a teacher of political, physical, or social science—a man of character has "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind."

It is not political skepticism that

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threatens the welfare of this country to-day; it is political corruption, a lack of character, a failure devoutly to believe that a public office is a public trust. It is not Socialism that we have to combat, but Cynicism. That wing of the Republican party which is represented by ex-Secretary Fall is perfectly safe and sound in its lip service to the Constitution; all you have to do to get a stream of patriotic eloquence from such fountains of Republican wisdom is to mention the word Socialism. On the other hand, the new British Cabinet has a number of convinced and professed Socialists; some of them have been educated in the mine and factory, some of them are men of wealth and university training. But they are all men of honor, who are trying whole-heartedly to save and serve their country. With these things going on right before our eyes, it is not at all remarkable that young Americans should be rebelling against political and educational dogma and ritual. A skeptic is the very opposite, of course, of a dogmatist; he neither affirms nor denies. In the original Greek sense of the adjective, a skeptical man is one who looks carefully, investigates, examines, reflects, thinks on the facts and phenomena which he perceives. If this is the kind of skepticism about political dogma and political institutions which President Hopkins desires to introduce into Dartmouth College, he deserves the support and applause of every American who wishes his country well. But let him be guarded against so expressing himself that he shall be misunderstood as advocating skepticism about those principles of conduct which, as set forth, for example, in the Ten Commandments, the opinion of mankind has for many centuries regarded and regards to-day as axiomatic.

MacDonald at the Helm

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

JAMES RAMSAY MacDONALD, British Prime Minister, seemed more ill at ease than did any other member of the House of Commons to-day. Well he might! His is a hand-to-mouth Government. It depends for its existence on the sufferance of others. It came into power because the Liberals aided it in turning the Conservatives out. Yesterday it was kept in power only because the Conservatives came to its assistance as against the Liberals.

Ramsay MacDonald is a Scotsman. He had a modest start in life. He had to work hard for his living and for his education. He has also had to work hard to mount the rungs of the political ladder. Now he is at the top.

Look at him as he stands there. Hear him speak. You can see at a glance that he is careful, conscientious, clever, canny, stubborn, fearless. But he looks very unhappy. Does he regret his amazing pacifism in the war, you wonder? Or is the complexity of the present situation overwhelming him?—those who ought to be his friends being his foes and those who are his foes showing themselves his friends, though only for the moment, for the kaleidoscope turns quickly.

As you look at the lonely Scot, you feel that he is not as bigoted as are some other men, including his brother Socialists. He consults, as you know, other minds on the problems and questions of the day. He preserves an unprejudiced opinion until the consultation is concluded, but, once it is concluded and his decision made, he abides by it, no matter how prejudiced it may then seem to others and no matter what happens.

For the present Mr. MacDonald is, like Brer Rabbit, "layin' low." He must. He cannot propose those extreme measures he keeps in the back of his head—measures continually pressed upon him, too, by "the wild men from Glasgow." He must walk the tenuous but really safe tight-rope in order to save his skin. Hence, the other day, both Opposition parties complimented his decidedly unsocialistic exposition of immediate Government policy by declaring that his address was moderate enough to have been delivered by either of their leaders, Mr. Baldwin or Mr. Asquith. Of course the Premier's exposition may be but a prelude to something far more radical, but there can be no possible complaint as to his delicacy and tact in approaching the many subjects necessary to be mentioned in such an address.

If the matter of Mr. MacDonald's speeches must thus be carefully studied by him, so, evidently, must his manner. Both impress you with a certain lack of spontaneity. And yet when this orator lets himself go a little, as he did the other night in welcoming our new American Ambassador, you can see that he can be as airy and atmospheric and charming as any one. For the most part, however, he is not nearly as easy a speaker as are some Englishmen whom I have heard lately—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, for instance, just to name two at random. You feel that the new Prime Minister is warily avoiding pitfalls. Occasionally he slips into them by an infelicitous sentence, as when he said the other day: "Owing to the unsettled state of Europe, the international exchange is against honest countries that are paying their debts and balancing their budgets. We are paying our debts and we are balancing our budgets." The implication, therefore, was that some other countries which have not yet succeeded in balancing their budgets were not honest.

Mr. MacDonald has added to his Premiership duties those of the Foreign Secretary. Either job would be enough for any one man. But this double job, people are everywhere predicting, will be too much for this man, new to Cabinet office and who seems not over-strong physically. The Marquis of Salisbury, a generation ago, was the last preceding Premier to be his own Foreign Secretary. But Lord Salisbury had far greater physical and mental poise than has Ramsay MacDonald. And yet, with all the Salisbury ability, such issues as Heligoland and Fashoda, the Venezuelan Government boundary, and the Jameson raid were allowed to drag. Suppose England were threatened—as she is, indeed—by other menaces. A Premier who is his own Foreign Secretary is himself a menace, for his decisions need not first be submitted to the members of the Cabinet, and, if they are submitted afterwards, it is at a Cabinet meeting which he summons at pleasure.

Mr. MacDonald, it is known, is anxious to keep the management of foreign relations in his own hands. Doubtless more than does any other Labor Socialist, he realizes the prestige coming to a Government chosen because of what it had done on the domestic side should it succeed in obtaining its greatest re-

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nown on the foreign side. Aside from recognizing the Moscow Government, thus fulfilling ante-election pledges, he has surrounded that recognition by conditions liable to test his own strength as well as that of Russian resistance. It is, however, in the direction of France that he hopes for his most striking achievement. His letter to Premier Poincaré was a fine first step in this direction.

As the new Prime Minister stands there between the front bench and the Speaker, you are struck by the difference between the good-natured, rosy, winsome, intellectual, typically English face of the Speaker, and then Mr. MacDonald's pale, rather drawn, very moving face, with its high cheek bones and tense expression, the long mustache and wavy hair giving it an almost academic look, as compared with the round, rather rubicund, well-fed-looking faces on the benches behind him, albeit there are some gaunt, like his, and suggesting Scotland, not England.

On those benches, closely crowded together, sit the Labor Socialists. For the first time in their history they are the party in power. Those on the front bench are the Cabinet members, and among them there is one woman figure, Miss Margaret Bondfield. As Under-Secretary she has the right to sit there; she emphasizes that right by appearing without a hat, being in this respect unlike the other women members of Parliament.

The Labor Socialists seem to have shorter legs than their opponents. It has always been a time-honored privilege for men sitting on the front bench, to the right and left of the Speaker, to put their heels up on the long table which separates the Government from the Opposition. The Labor Socialist Cabinet Members are, of course, not at all slow about giving this evidence of their new station. Not a few of them, however, have difficulty in reaching the table. Mr. Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. Thomas, Colonial Secretary, and Mr. Wheatley, Minister of Health, look quite ridiculous in essaying the traditional posture.

But the Cabinet members have a fine scorn of tradition just the same. One of the permanent officials in the Government was asked how he liked his new chief. "Oh, I get on even better with him than with my former chief," replied the official. "If *he* wanted anything, a bell rang at my desk and I had to open his door and go into his *sanctum sanctorum*. Now if I'm wanted, through the always open door I hear an undeniably cockney monosyllable summoning me, namely, a stentorian " 'Ere!"

Not all the Ministers drop their h's, though I have just been listening to one for half an hour who never failed in that direction. Indeed, at times, you can see a group on the front bench which bears a really literary impress. The Prime Minister himself has a large number of book titles to his name, his most important works being on Socialism. Sidney Webb (President of the Board of Trade) is an internationally recognized authority on industrial history. Philip Snowden (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Noel Buxton (Minister of Agriculture), and C. P. Trevelyan (Minister of Education) have also written books. So have even such unbookish-looking men as Mr. Clynes (Lord Privy Seal) and Mr. Thomas. So, if the Labor Socialists are new men from the standpoint of Cabinet experience, they will compare favorably with the prestige of any other Cabinet in the realm of books.

Mr. MacDonald is not the only one who looks uneasy. Some of the Labor Socialists do, as they regard with dismay their leader's opportunism. For instance, with regard to disarmament Mr. MacDonald had this straight "tip" the other day from Viscountess Astor:

> I do not want to see the League of Nations take the place of the British navy. I welcomed the Washington Conference and I welcome anything to do with disarmament. Does any one really think that there is a single country that wants war? I hope that they [the Laborites] will press on with the League of Nations and with disarmament, but let them not in the meantime play with the British navy. It has been a great agent of civilization.

It was cheering then to hear Mr. Thomas declare for the Laborites that "there will be no disarmament, the Government recognizes, until confidence is restored in Europe. The Government's first aim will be to establish that confidence." It was interesting, therefore, that Mr. MacDonald adopted the Conservative proposal of last November of building war-vessels as a partial solution of the problem of unemployment. Of course the Conservatives rallied to the Government's support, the Liberals falling away and many Government members gazing in amazement on what they considered a weak-kneed acquiescence in the policy of their opponents, remembering the pledge in the Labor election manifesto to "pave the way for disarmament, the only security for the nations." The present Government course seemed to them a merely in-and-out policy.

Sooner or later any such tight-rope opportunist walker is bound to come a cropper. Then Ramsay MacDonald will find himself down and out instead of in and out.

What the Church Means to Me

FIRST PRIZE

WILLIAM ALFRED EDDY, Captain
U. S. Marines
Peekskill Military Academy
Peekskill, New York

SECOND PRIZE

"M. H. W."
San Jacinto, California

THIRD PRIZES

"GRANDSON AND NAMESAKE"
Ellsworth, Maine

"NANCY ELLIOT"
Haverstraw, New York

G. LIVINGSTON
Cow Camp, Ontario, Oregon

"ELOUISE"
Los Angeles, California

"A FLAPPER"
Monrovia, California

FRED R. LUNDGREN
Chicago, Illinois

"ELIZABETH FINCH"
Wheaton, Illinois

LAURENCE C. JONES
Piney Woods School
Braxton, Miss.

HONORABLE MENTION

"D. C.," Dubuque, Iowa; "Winfred Moraine," Saratoga, California; "Brenda Rollins," Providence, Rhode Island; "A Country Doctor," Wooster, Ohio; Gardiner M. Day, Hanover, New Hampshire; "Jane Leacock," Dover, Massachusetts; Fullerton Waldo, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; "Mary Arthur," Smith's Ferry, Idaho; "John Arthur," Smith's Ferry, Idaho; Badger Clark, Hot Springs, South Dakota; E. M. Van Note, Highland Falls, New York; "Alexander Stuart," Casa Grande, Arizona; "F. C. Luther," Ames, Iowa; Julia E. Willkie, Elwood, Indiana; Gene H. Winton, Denver, Colorado; Margery F. Morgan, West Chester, Pennsylvania; "A Minister's Eldest Daughter," Woodcliff, New Jersey; Granville Chase Du Bois, Urbana, Illinois; Rose Alden, Camden, New Jersey; Mrs. H. C. Warth, *Huntington, West Virginia*; "Hopefull," Arcata, California; Elizabeth Eckel, St. Paul, Minnesota; E. T. Schreiner, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; "Alpha Phi," Goshen, Indiana; "College Student," Keensburg, Illinois; H. L. Stites, Canadian, Oklahoma; William C. Brenneman, Hopedale, Illinois; Linden Buck, Arcade, New York; Arthur R. Macdougall, Jr., Bangor, Maine; Anne Lockwood, Utica, New York; "A. K. W.," Palo Alto, California; *Dorothy E. Nichols, Palo Alto, California*; C. T. Rogers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; "H. L. B.," University, Virginia; "Aristarchus," Brooklyn, New York; "A Nebraska Student," Lincoln, Nebraska; "K. A. M.," Pasadena, California; "James H. Browning," Troy, New York; "John Rowlands," Minneapolis, Minnesota; H. D. Mason, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Mrs. E. B. Himes, Pine Bluff, Arkansas; "Medic," Brookline, Massachusetts; James Egert Allen, New York *City*; *John S. Moore, Dayton, Ohio*; Lou Knight, Canyonville, Oregon; "A Rector's Daughter," Williamsport, Pennsylvania; M. D. Orange, Pilot Rock, Oregon.

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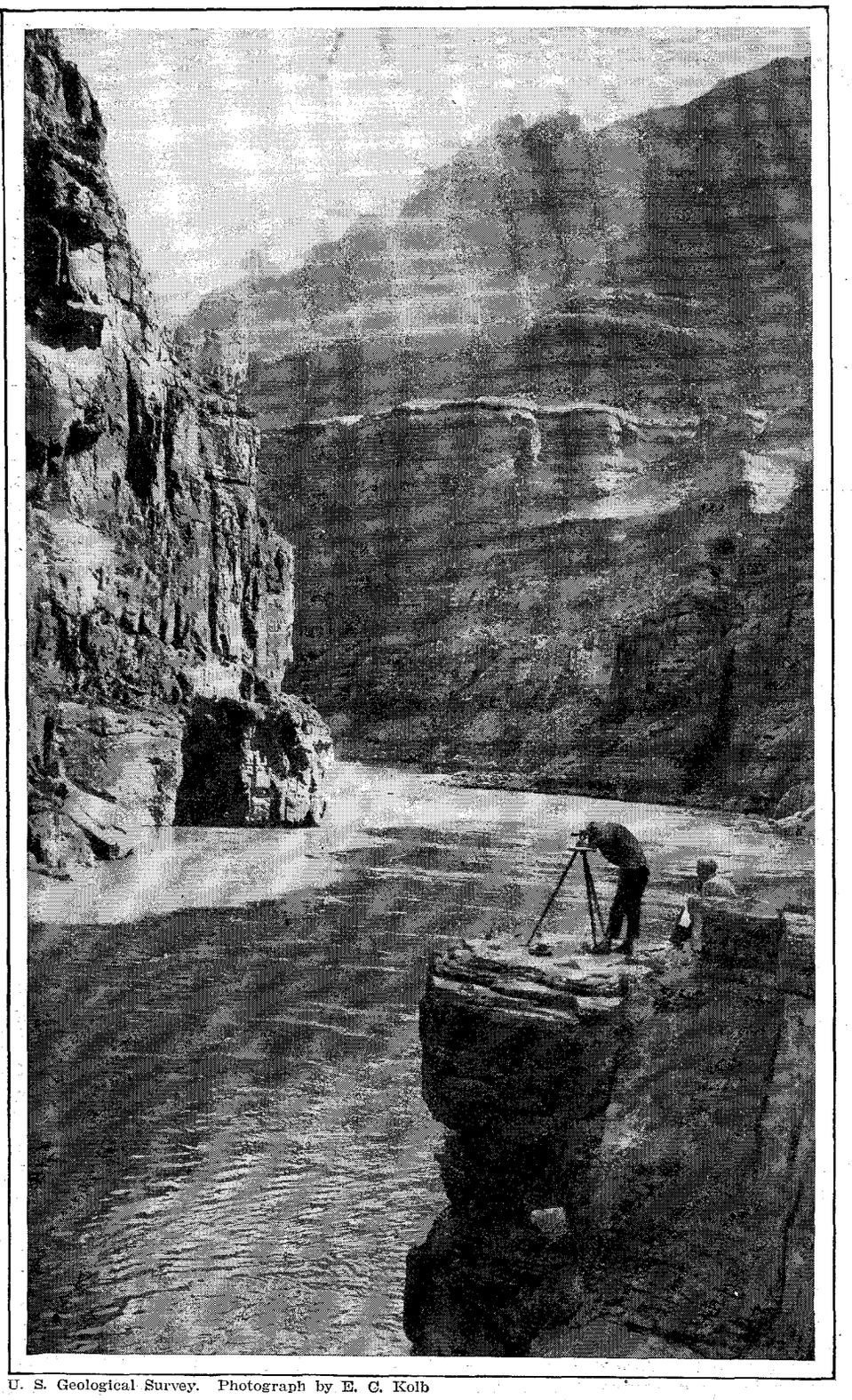
Engineers of the Birdseye Party at Work in Marble Canyon, the Gorge above the Grand Canyon

The success of the survey operations was chiefly due to R. W. Burchard, who carried a line of levels through the whole range of canyons, from a point below Lee's Ferry to Last Chance Rapids, a distance of 252 miles, joining at the latter place with the levels which he had run from the lower part of the river in 1920. He broke a rib a week before the task was finished, but kept at work. Detailed surveys of possible dam sites were made at several places



U. S. Geological Survey. Photograph by E. C. Kolb

hair-breadth escapes that would daunt the dare-devils of cinematography. In running the worst rapids, where portage was impracticable, the men wore cork jackets and lay face down in the boats, clinging to life-lines stretched across the deck. There were numerous wrecks and upsets, and in one tremendous flood, which caused a twenty-one-foot rise of the river in a single night, the boats were saved only with the greatest difficulty. It was this flood and the finding of an empty boat down the river that led the newspapers to report the loss of the whole party. Though the expedition had few opportunities of sending news of its progress to the outside world, it obtained press reports and entertainment at every stopping point by means of an excellent radio outfit.

This expedition not only pieced out the map of a little-known region but located and surveyed sites for dams. The long-mooted project of harnessing the Colorado will inevitably come to fruition in the course of the next decade. The total developed water power converted into electricity in the United States is between 9,000,000 and 10,000,000 horse-power. It is claimed that the Colorado River alone is capable of yielding 6,000,000 horse-power, besides irrigating 5,000,000 acres of adjacent lands. This would mean an economic revolution in the Southwest.

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A Connecticut Yankee Speaks His Mind[1]

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

NOT long ago a high official in the immigration service made a speech in which he congratulated the Nation upon the fact that under certain rulings then in force immigration from northwestern Europe had shown a decided proportionate increase. His implication was that Scotch, English, Irish, German, and Scandinavian immigrants were more desirable than those, let us say, from the Mediterranean countries and Russia. To the speaker this appeared a self-evident fact, and it was received as such by his hearers; but instantly a large section of the press was up in arms, denouncing him bitterly: Who was he (it demanded) to sit in judgment upon the relative value of different peoples? Was he not a servant of the whole Nation, and was not the Nation made up of all ethnic groups? How, then, did he dare arrogate to himself the right to say that one country of origin was preferable to another? Private prejudice he might have, but in future he would do well not to offend publicly the millions of Greeks, Armenians, Czechs, and Jews who had proved themselves good American citizens, the peers of any in this free land!

This rebuke we must accept as the logical consequence of citizenship. You cannot welcome a man as an equal one moment and cast aspersions on his family the next. But, while the Anglo-Saxon recognizes the force of this reasoning, he is beginning to question the validity of its premise. We Americans of the "old stock" and of Nordic blood generally see this country swarming with hordes as alien to our genius as any the Old World could produce. Frankly, we are disturbed—first, at their greater fecundity; second, at their capacity to thrive under conditions which would spell our doom in a single generation; and, third, at the biological consequences of cross-breeding. The last is the greatest if the less immediate peril. It is one which touches our love of country and our natural concern for our children's children. What mongrel breed will be the American people of *their* day?

Obviously (unless I am a false spokesman), we do not consider these alien swarms our equals. There is perhaps no way to prove this, yet we see its evidence constantly on every hand. When one comes upon a fine old New England mansion with pigs rooting up the front lawn and chickens perched on the veranda rail, while a slatternly woman hangs out clothes on ropes strung between the elms, and a mob of dirty children race through the broken doors, he must be an optimist indeed who is not saddened and a little frightened by the sight. And the effect is in no way lessened if an expensive limousine is parked before the gate! If one owns the adjoining property, he is more than saddened; there is nothing for him to do but sell and move out. And this is just what is happening all over the East to-day. It is the new Conquest of America.

No fact has been more strikingly brought out by contemporary study than the persistence of those "deep traits of race" to which Emerson once referred. Indeed, all history bears witness to it. Without exception, wherever an invading host has adopted the higher culture in the midst of which their new lot has been cast they have in some subtle, intangible manner ended by *adapting* that culture to their own mental habit. The outward machinery of life they accept readily enough, and for a time it seems as though their own very nature were undergoing a change; then, little by little, we find deep-seated hereditary traits reasserting themselves in unexpected ways. Institutions—even laws—which are at variance with their native character are altered until the whole purport is changed. Finally, the adopted culture is discovered to have grown a new soul, or else it is wholly discarded in practice and survives as a formalism only.

There are many indications that this process is going ahead rapidly in America to-day. Outwardly our American culture, which was at bottom Saxon, may not appear greatly changed. We have still the same form of government and in general the same institutions that we possessed fifty years ago. But under the surface we perceive astounding changes in its spirit. To take a single example: probably the most typical trait of the Yankee was his belief in a minimum of government. With this went a deep-seated respect for law. To-day, by contrast, we are the most begoverned people on earth, and we flout our own laws with a freedom, an enjoyment almost, that passes belief. These are facts which require no demonstration. And this change has come about in a scant twenty years!

Furthermore, jurists of long experience tell us that our whole system of criminal law is inadequate—or, at any rate, unsuited—to deal with considerable portions of our population. They complain of the temperamental inability of Mediterranean peoples, notably South Italians and Sicilians, to grasp the fundamental concept of Anglo-Saxon law, and they call attention to the fact that under the Latin system the burden of proof rests, not upon the state, but upon the accused. They point out the impossibility of securing convictions where witnesses will not tell what they know and where the accused need only remain mute in order to win his case; and they show us the crowded calendars and long list of acquittals to give their warnings weight. So, even in that most conservative of all our institutions, the law, we perceive great changes both accomplished and threatened. What could be more intolerable to the old American temper than to be much-governed and to live under the Latin system of jurisprudence? Perhaps the latter will never come about; but is the alternative, unchecked crime, much better?

In every department of our National life we perceive corresponding innovations which seem traceable only to inherent qualities of race. Where will they end?

Over this country to-day millions of people are asking themselves that question. It is far from academic. Its practical applications extend from real estate values to ethics. Although still seated in the place of power, the Anglo-Saxon is beginning to "view with alarm"—and well he may, for, if there is anything in the teaching of history and biology, his days are numbered. A hundred years hence there will still be America; but who will be the Americans? Is it not time that we faced that question squarely?

Of course there will always be oases—exceptional regions, such as the mountain country of the West—where for obvious reasons the old Nordic stock may hang on and preserve an isolated existence in comparative purity; but in the cities, large towns, and more densely populated rural districts the scales are being daily loaded more heavily against its chances of even a short survival. The reasons ordinarily given for this are of an economic nature and are too well known to need repetition here. That they are *felt*, if not completely understood, is evidenced by the growing anti-alien sentiment of which we see proofs on every hand. There is, however, a quite different reason for alarm, which

[1] An editorial on the subject of immigration and the race question appears elsewhere in this issue.

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goes deeper into the matter than even the economic forces. This comes as the consequence of discoveries made by the comparatively young science of biology in tracing the workings of heredity within the germ plasm. It has been found that in cross-mating between individuals of higher and lower types the tendency is for the characteristics of the lower to predominate in the offspring. The higher qualities are *recessive,* since they are more recently evolved, and have therefore a less secure hold upon the germ plasm. In animal life it is possible to predict with something approaching certainty the recession of newly acquired physical qualities, such as coloration; in the human species it is the higher mental and (presumably) spiritual qualities which give way before the attack of the lower, brutish characteristics of the parent of inferior race. What a terrible indictment is this of those mistaken idealists who are forever clamoring for amalgamation—for absorption into our national body of all the debased racial stocks of the world!

For the reader who questions, as many doubtless will do, the validity of this law of recession as applied to mankind, an example may be in order. Contrary to general belief, the population of most of Central America and of the West Indies was overwhelmingly white by the time the various European systems of conquest and colonization had been completed, and this in spite of the importation of Negro slaves to replace the "stubborn" natives who had been all but exterminated in the process. Yet to-day pure whites are a tiny minority in that section of the globe; mixed breeds of varying degree form a large intermediate group, and the great bulk of the population is absolutely black or, in some isolated cases, aboriginal. Not only is this true, but, according to the best opinion of impartial observers, even the "high yellows" possess only a superficial coating of Nordic characteristics, and their fundamental qualities—especially the mental ones—are unalterably Negroid. It is easy for defenders of the melting-pot theory here in the North to decry this statement, but it is the conclusion reached by practically every white man who has lived long in those countries. Is it possible that such a condition could have resulted unless there was something supremely enduring in the more primitive of the elements which went into that great "melting-pot" of the South?

It so happened that this land of ours was peopled in the last two centuries by that race which stands at the pinnacle of evolution: the tall, blond "long-heads" from the northwest of Europe. Only one people has ever surpassed them—another branch of the same race, the Hellenes of classical Greece. That was a tall, fair race like our own (the famous Helen had blue eyes, and "golden-haired" is a favorite epithet of Homer's). At the height of its glory it produced in a single generation more geniuses and gave the world more beauty than all the other strivings of mankind have done in all the ages. But its doom was sealed when through a policy of mistaken liberalism it began founding colonies in Asia Minor and diluting its blood with that of the swart peoples of the East. Ievantine infusion finished the greatest race mankind has known. Is history to repeat itself upon our soil? It has done so already in Boston, Lawrence, Lynn, New Haven, Bridgeport, New York—and the virus is rapidly spreading. How, then, about the rest of our land in the not distant future?

The extinction of any species is a sad thing, for its loss is final, irretrievable. No breeder will ever be able to recreate the passenger pigeon, whose flights fifty years ago darkened our skies, or the great auk, or any one of a dozen other feathered species whose passing we lament. But if the loss of these species is tragic, what are we to say of the threatened extinction of that branch of the *human* race which stands head and shoulders above all the rest, which marks the highest point reached in the evolution of life upon this planet, and which perhaps holds the seed of development to planes as yet unguessed? Here, indeed, is the tragedy of the ages, a mockery of all that has gone before; yet we Americans of Nordic blood are marching to meet it with hands outstretched in welcome. It is enough to make one wonder if we deserve to survive! Indeed, the answer must be that we do not, until one looks below the surface and finds the true springs of our seeming indifference. Then one discovers that it is not indifference at all, but the natural reaction of an idealistic folk to false teachings—false, that is, in that they have not regarded the truths of natural law. Ignorant of biology and blind to the results of economic forces, our fathers placed nationalism above race and created a society in which their own descendants were foredoomed to death.

If the reader is willing to grant the conclusion to be drawn from our argument thus far—that the Nordic stock in America seems doomed to extinction in competition with the ancient, generalized stocks from southeastern Europe and Asia Minor—the question still remains, What shall we do about it? And here it becomes necessary to take the bull very firmly by the horns; one needs to do it with both hands and without any timid backward glance. If our race is worth saving, it is worth saving at all costs. If this means that we must declare our fathers to have erred, that we must break with some of the most beautiful of their idealistic tenets, even when those are anchored in the Constitution itself, so be it. As honest men and women with a grave duty to posterity, we have no choice. We can no longer subscribe to the doctrine that this land shall lie open to all comers, without regard to race or color. We cannot say even that all its citizens should enjoy a social footing equal to our own. In *fact,* they do not, and it is time to do away with hypocrisy and declare frankly that they *must* not. Perhaps it is essential that bulwarks be built up—solid, impregnable barriers—and, if so, they must be built quite openly upon the bed-rock of race. Above all, let us have done with half-truths and weak, sentimental cant. These things do no good; they serve only to heap fuel upon the smoldering subterranean fires. Whatever else may be said of the Yankee, he has always heretofore fought in the open. And let no one dissemble the truth that it is a fight, a grim battle for survival, that he is face to face with to-day.

What the outcome will be no one can say, and yet it cannot be denied that we who are living in this crucial time may do much to affect it. Upon our present acts the future hangs. But if it is no time to sit in apathy, neither is it one to rush into ill-considered action. Rather it is a time when we should marshal our forces and our facts, when we should seek with all of earnestness we may command to know the truth, and, knowing it, to pass it on.

There is good reason for this. Although the Semite constitutes perhaps the gravest menace of all, every enlightened Jew deplores the passing of our old Nordic stock; and he deplores even more the coming to America of great hordes of the inferior branches of his own race. He much prefers to live in a country where the Anglo-Saxon predominates—and with good reason. It is not too much to hope that our Jewish citizens would support any sound plan to regulate immigration so as to secure the place of the Anglo-Saxon in his own land; and what is true of the Jew might be true of other ethnic groups in proportion to their intelligence and the candor with which the situation was made clear to them. This is an age and a country in which truth is easily disseminated and public opinion readily formed. Let us make an honest effort to disseminate a knowledge of the facts concerning race, with malice towards none but with outspoken fairness and candor concerning all; and it

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may be that its vexed problems will disappear like mist. But if this hope proves vain, at least we shall have been the gainers by rousing the slumbering intelligence of our own people and ridding their minds of the fallacies by which they are confused.

There are many who assert that the process of de-Nordicising has gone so far already that nothing short of wholesale massacres will avail to "save the race." To this pessimistic view I, for one, do not subscribe; but, even supposing that it is true, is that any reason why we should hasten the date of our extinction? Obviously it is not; yet we are doing that very thing by admitting almost daily powerful reinforcements to the enemy ranks. "For every Slav, Armenian, Turk, or Jew that you welcome to this country," says one writer, "you may be sure that under existing economic and social conditions you are killing an American as yet perhaps unborn. Unwilling to associate in manual labor with the alien rabble, our young people of native stock are sterilized in the remorseless industrial mill—which is more interested in 'efficiency' than in reproduction—or else they are driven forcibly upward into the so-called upper classes. And it is not the upper classes that we can ever depend upon to breed the race."

The one thing that we can do right now is to lock and bar the gate. How desperate is the need must be realized when we know that even under the Quota Law now in force the army of immigrants from southeastern Europe who enter this country every year would pack the Post Road from Boston to New York in close marching order from end to end. Nobody questions our sovereign right as a nation to admit only such immigrants as we choose, or, for that matter, to admit none at all. The question is one purely of internal agreement. And if the "alien bloc" now in this country is so strong as to make agreement impossible, then it behooves us who have some lingering pride of race to weld ourselves into a fighting minority for the passage of legislation now before Congress. This is perhaps only a first step, but it is an absolutely essential one. It is practical and simple, and, best of all, it is sound common sense.

The Case for Hiram Johnson

By EUSTACE CULLINAN

It is very worth while to listen to what the supporters of the various Presidential candidates have to say for their leaders. We can vouch for the fact that Mr. Cullinan presents authoritative arguments from the Johnson camp

CALIFORNIANS, knowing Hiram Johnson, are amused by efforts to portray him as an impetuous radical, making a specialty of opposition and negation, but incapable of sound, affirmative thinking and constructive administration.

Johnson is primarily a doer, a builder. If he attacks and tears down, it is only to clear the ground for a better structure. His career as Governor of California gives the most helpful clue to what the public might expect of Hiram Johnson if he were elected President.

After a bitter campaign, Johnson took the reins in Sacramento at the beginning of 1911. For two generations occupants of the Governor's mansion had been either futile or insincere in their endeavor to free California from political control by the Southern Pacific Railway Company and allied interests. Seldom has the government of a State been so completely subject to boss rule as California prior to Johnson's emergence. Many valiant candidates had been elected on platforms boldly proclaiming their independence of the railway and their devotion to the people, but platform declarations had never been translated into official performance.

Johnson was a successful lawyer with a first-hand knowledge of political conditions. He was persuaded to become a candidate for the Governorship. It seemed a difficult if not a hopeless endeavor, but he stumped the State with one slogan—"I will kick the railroad out of politics"—and on that slogan he won.

Immediately Johnson proceeded to an inexorable elimination of the railway influence and henchmen. The people, disillusioned by the recreancy of former champions of the same cause, were surprised and gratified. Here at last was a man that kept the faith. From that moment dates the extraordinary hold of Hiram Johnson on the confidence of the people of California; a confidence confirmed by the record of his six years of constructive administration in the Governor's office.

During the session of the Legislature in 1911 a high official of the Southern Pacific called on Governor Johnson to present objections to a certain bill then pending. Johnson, convinced that the bill was bad, promptly declared his intention to veto it. As the railway official was leaving, the Governor said to him:

"You have thanked me for what you declare to be my fairness. Now will you tell me why your company fought me so hard when my opponent, whom you supported, made the same pledges to the voters that I made?"

The railway man looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then answered, with a smile:

"Well, Governor, we believed you."

Before he had been Governor long Johnson had won the good will and support of the big business interests without in the slightest measure forfeiting the confidence of labor or wavering in the performance of his promises to the people.

Each group in turn discovered that none could use him, but that all could rely on him for fair treatment.

The Johnson administration revised the election laws so that machine control became virtually impossible, but the corporations learned, to their joy, that it was no longer necessary for them to maintain costly political organizations in order to secure fair play. Under Governor Johnson any corporation could get a square deal; and most of them acknowledged that the new dispensation was better than the old.

Strict regulation of the public uilities, workmen's compensation, a blue-sky law, a net-container act, an eight-hour law for women, and a dozen similar reforms were enacted, in most cases over the opposition of business interests, but in each instance the operation of the new measure proved so just and beneficial that it is doubtful whether, if the business interests had the power, they would re-establish the former conditions.

Besides putting through a notable programme of political reforms and measures to curb the unscrupulous in business and protect the weak—reforms which helped honest business and saved it from unfair competition—Governor Johnson raised the financial structure of the State Government to a high degree of efficiency, eliminated graft, waste, and favoritism,

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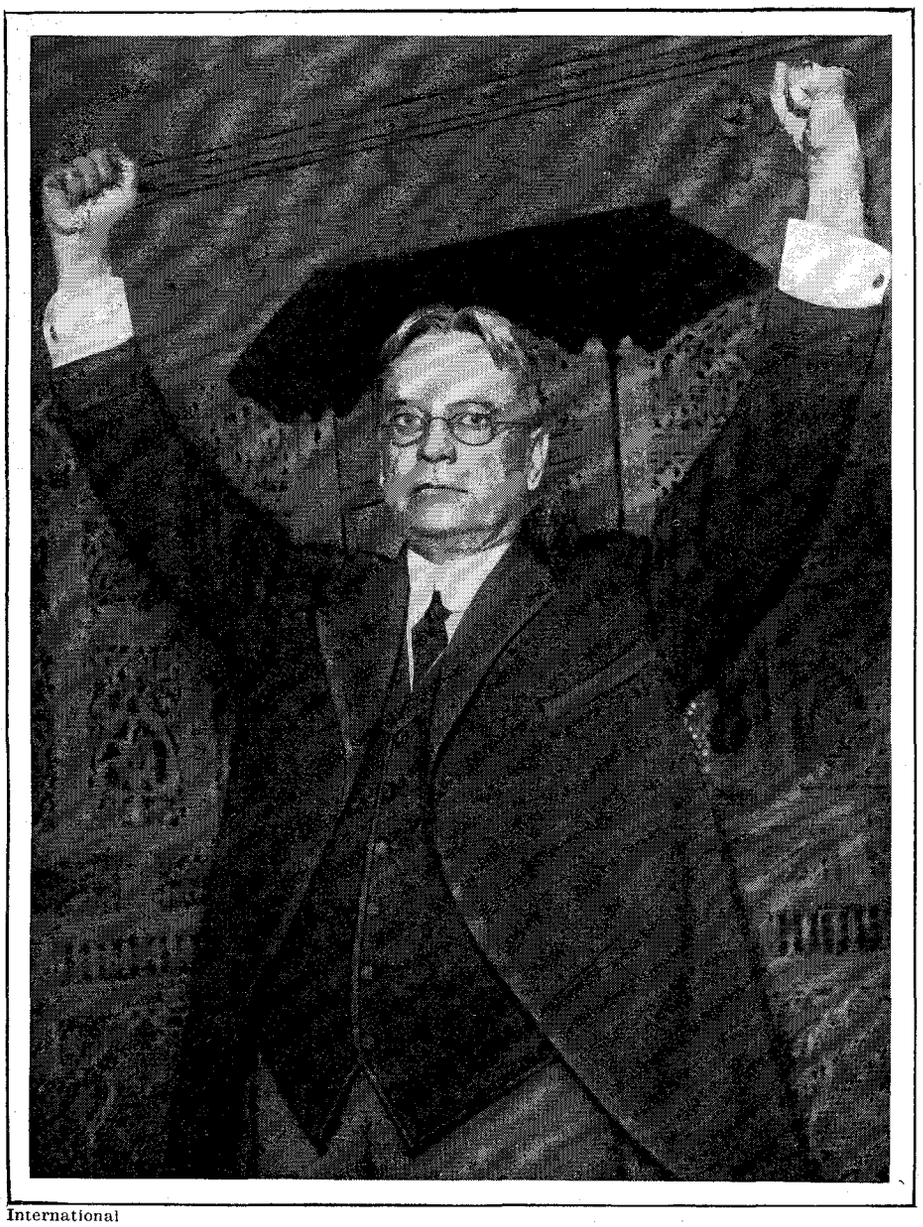

International

Sometimes star golfers pose before the camera, showing how they follow through. But when they are playing a game their positions are quite different. We can vouch for the fact that this photograph of Senator Johnson is not quite so effectively convincing as the Senator himself in the heat of action

and enabled any person without influence to sell goods to the State on merit in fair competition. He reorganized the State institutions and made them models of intelligent, economical, honest administration, conducted for the benefit, not of place-holders, but of the State's wards. He set up a thoroughgoing Civil Service system and lived up to it.

Business men learned to like Johnson's way. Labor, on the other hand, had a stanch champion for all its just and practicable demands. No Governor did more for labor than Johnson; yet he was never afraid to oppose a labor measure that he deemed wrong or untimely.

While doing all this Governor Johnson transformed a bankrupt State into one with an overflowing treasury. In January, 1911, when Hiram Johnson took the oath of office, the State treasury had a deficit of $300,000. Six years later, when he left Sacramento to go to Washington as Senator, the treasury contained a surplus of $7,000,000.

By no means the least important part of Hiram Johnson's constructive work in California was his programme of social welfare measures—laws which put California in the very forefront of progressive States. Other States have followed California's lead, but Governor Johnson was the pioneer. He proved that life could be made better for women and little children and all toilers without wrecking the commercial structure or imposing a bureaucratic tyranny on the people.

That is why Eastern opponents cannot convince California that Hiram W. Johnson is merely a talker and not a doer, a destroyer and not a builder, a theorist and not a practical administrator. California knows better, because it knows Johnson.

What candidate for the White House in the last fifty years has a record as full as Johnson's of constructive work well done and of level-headed, efficient administration in high office?

One rather captious, although not entirely unfriendly, critic complains that Johnson is not a profound student of books. Apparently this criticism from a radical publication is based on the fact that Johnson's programme is for political rather than economic changes. Johnson has a highly intelligent mind that learns by converse and cogitation rather than by reading. He makes a practice of talking with men who know all about any subject which he is pondering. He assimilates readily their experience and their knowledge, and with his gift of concrete thinking and clear expression transmutes them quickly into a definite plan of practical action. Let no one suppose that Hiram Johnson takes public positions on important questions without knowing precisely what he is doing. His simplicity is somewhat misleading to the bookish intellectual. Johnson's talent for eloquence is great, he has the faculty of winning audiences, his appeal is frequently emotional, but in his public as in his professional life the basis of his success has been intensive preparation for every task. If Hiram Johnson is not ready, he will not start.

His most notable service in the National field has been his activity to keep the United States out of the League of Nations. No other individual has done so much as Senator Johnson to save this Republic from that colossal folly when it was urged on us by the Wilson Administration and by many well-intentioned men and women whose anxiety to prevent future wars made them incautiously willing to accept the nostrum offered by the diplomats of Europe. To take the stand that Hiram Johnson took at the time he took it called for a high degree of political courage and foresight. Public opinion seemed massed behind President Wilson. Opposition to the League was almost inarticulate until Hiram Johnson gave it voice. That was one instance in which a statesman made and led, instead of feeling and following, public opinion.

In all things Johnson has the human touch. His friends cleave to him because he gives as well as takes in friendship. He never affects greatness or aloofness. The old friends of 1910 are the old friends of 1924. A few have dropped by the wayside, some because of his position on the League of Nations; but when the reasons were personal, it was they, not he, who failed to meet the test of disinterested friendship. He has come through the turmoil of fourteen years in politics without having suffered the moral losses that compromise and ambition impose on so many public men.

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The Book Table

"To Strive, . . . and Not to Yield"

By Gregory Mason

"TO strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"—this line from Tennyson's "Ulysses," chosen for the memorial at Ross Island to Captain Robert Falcon Scott and the four companions who died with him on their return from the South Pole, would well serve as a motto for all men who explore unknown regions beset by snow and ice. As a motto, yes, and as an explanation of conduct which doubtless to some laymen is incomprehensible.

"Why do they do it at all?" asks the confirmed urbanite who has never been an hour's sledge-run from steam heat and hot-water bottles. "What is the good of exploring these frozen regions?"

Scott, dying in his tiny tent on the great ice barrier, answered that question to his own satisfaction when with numb fingers he scribbled the last entry in his diary to say:

"I do not regret this journey, which has shown that Englishmen can endure hardships, help one another, and meet death with as great a fortitude as ever in the past."[1]

In similar vein Commander Frank Wild, when his leader, Shackleton, had died, his ship been found badly flawed, and his stores inadequate, wrote:

"To go back was intolerable and quite incompatible with British prestige. . . . I made my decision, and let it be known to all hands, giving each one a chance to back out before it was too late. I believe there was not one who ever so much as thought of it."[2]

But it remains for Sir Francis Younghusband to make the fullest answer to the question, "What is the good of it all?" in his Introduction to the account of the last attempt to scale the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest:[3]

"The most obvious good is an increased knowledge of our own capacities. By trying with all our might and with all our mind to climb the highest point on the earth, we are getting to know better what we really can do. . . . What is the good of that? The good of that is that a whole new enjoyment in life will be opened up. . . . We like bracing ourselves against a mountain, pitting our mettle, our nerve, our skill, against the physical difficulties the mountain presents, and feeling that we are forcing the spirit within us to prevail against the material. That is a glorious feeling in itself and a real tonic to the spirit—even when it does not always conquer. . . .

"For the moment we may be utterly exhausted and only too thankful to be able to hurry back to more congenial regions. Yet, all the same, we shall eventually get to love the mountain for the very fact that she has forced the utmost out of us, lifted us just for one precious moment high above our ordinary life, and shown us beauty of an austerity, power, and purity we should never have known if we had not faced the mountain squarely and battled strongly with her."

The very fact that men of action like these British explorers can write as well as they do proves that they love their work. And that is the answer to give the uncomprehending city man who clings to his steam heat and hot-water bottles. These men fight desolate, windy mountains and bitter-cold Antarctic wastes because they love the game. They are keenly aware of the scientific possibilities of their work, they are proud, as Commander Wild says, "to guide the groping fingers of Knowledge on the white edges of the world," but primarily they enlist again and again in these expeditions because they love adventure, primitive struggle, and even hardship. "It is good to know that there remain wild corners of this dreadfully civilized world," wrote Scott, snowed in for the winter on the great ice barrier. And, "How much better it has been than lounging in too great comfort at home," he wrote to his wife when he knew that he had made his last march.

However, that the devotion of these men to science is forgotten in their passion for adventure no one could hint after reading of the hardships the Shackleton-Wild party endured to chart unknown coasts or study Antarctic bird and animal life at imminent risk to their lives from ice-packs and terrible seas; nor after reading how Scott's men clung to thirty-five pounds of geological specimens when they knew that every ounce told against them in their struggle to get back to safety; nor after reading how the men of the Mount Everest expedition after a hard day's climb would refuse to tumble into their sleeping-bags until they had made extra scientific explorations in the vicinity of their insecure camp.

In the first attempt of this party against Mount Everest the former world's record of 24,600 feet was easily surpassed when Mr. G. H. Mallory's group, without using oxygen, reached a height of 26,985 feet. The second attack, commanded by Captain George Finch, was so benefited by the oxygen carried in tanks that, in spite of very unfavorable weather conditions, an altitude of 27,300 feet (only about 1,700 feet less than the height of the mountain) was attained. A third attempt had to be abandoned when an avalanche buried the entire climbing party, killing seven porters.

The lesson of the "Assault on Mount Everest" seems to be that the mountain can probably be mastered without artificial help to respiration, but that the task will be easier if oxygen is used. Incidentally, other stimulants were found helpful, notably brandy and cigarettes. The latter made breathing much easier at high altitudes. "Evidently some constituent of cigarette smoke takes the place and performs the function of the carbon dioxide normally present" in the blood and serving "to stimulate the nerve center controlling one's involuntary breathing," writes Captain Finch.

One closes this interesting record of courage and human endurance with the feeling that Mount Everest will soon have to bow to man.

The scientific results of the Shackleton-Wild expedition are not recited at great length in the volume under review, which is pre-eminently an account for popular absorption. However, it is made evident that a good deal was accomplished in charting far southern seas and exploring the geology, meteorology, and natural history of such little-known pieces of land as South Georgia, the South Shetlands, and the Tristan da Cunha group of islands.

Scientifically the results of Scott's last expedition have been thoroughly digested. The excuse for issuing a popular edition of the great explorer's journals and for commenting on that edition here is that in its own field this work is a veritable classic. Of all accounts of polar exploration, probably this will live longest. Certainly it will live as long as the English language.

The writings of most explorers appeal to a limited public, but this journal of Scott's should appeal to every one who loves drama. The teachers of dramatic

[1] Scott's Last Expedition. Popular Edition of the Personal Journals of Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., C.V.O., with a Biographical Introduction by Sir J. M. Barrie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

[2] Shackleton's Last Voyage. By Commander Frank Wild, C.B.E. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $10.

[3] The Assault on Mount Everest, 1922. By Brigadier-General Hon. C. G. Bruce, C.B., M.V.O., and Other Members of the Expedition. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $7.50.

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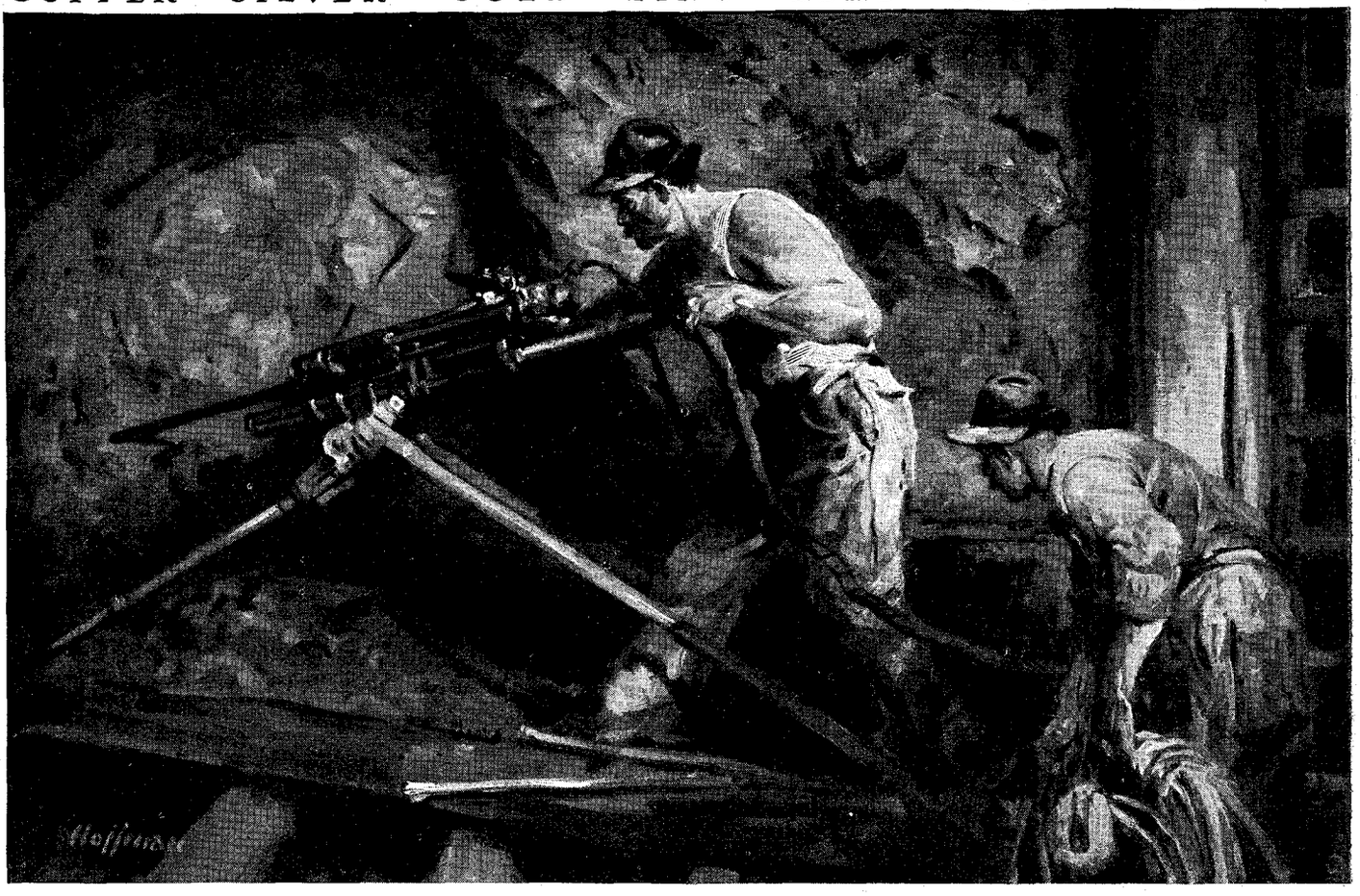

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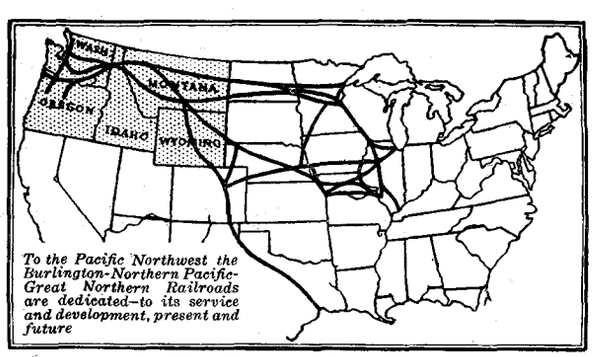

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"The long mild twilight which like a silver clasp unites to-day with yesterday; when morning and evening sit together hand in hand beneath the starless sky of midnight."

Always one is brought back to the explorer's love of his game:

"Every day some new fact comes to light—some new obstacle which threatens the gravest obstruction. I suppose this is the reason which makes the game so well worth playing."

Nowhere is there any hint that the animals of these explorers, their dogs, their ponies, ever seem to share this love of struggle for the sake of struggle, this "pitting our mettle, our nerve, our skill against . . . physical difficulties." And, if one can read between the lines, the higher type of men, such as the leaders of the Mount Everest expedition, seem to have more of this quality than the lower type of men, such as the porters of that expedition.

How much significance is there in this fact? Has man's gradual growth above the other animals been due in part to his possession of this readiness for "forcing the spirit within us to prevail against the material"?

The New Books

BIOGRAPHY

OPPORTUNITY AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By Warrington Dawson. The Honest Truth Publishing Company, Chicago.

It is, as a rule, safe to assume that when a writer vociferously insists that he is revealing the hitherto hidden "truth" about a disputed matter he is lying, and lying not by accident but by design; and when a publishing house includes the word Truth in its name the reader has the right to expect the last word in men-

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dacity. It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to record that the Honest Truth Publishing Company of Chicago has published, under the cumbersome and inappropriate title, "Opportunity and Theodore Roosevelt," a book which actually bears the image of that spirit which the publishers have somewhat rashly invoked.

The author, Mr. Warrington Dawson, knew the subject of his book intimately during the one full year of the thirty-seven years of Colonel Roosevelt's public career when he was completely removed from the American scene. By a series of fortunate and largely accidental circumstances, Mr. Dawson was able to break through the barrier which Mr. Roosevelt had erected between himself and the inquisitive world and to render valuable services alike to the former President and to the millions who wanted authentic information concerning the adventures of their wandering Odysseus.

This little book—badly bound and abominably printed—admirably supplements Colonel Roosevelt's own "African Game Trails." Mr. Roosevelt's book tells of the hunts; Mr. Dawson's tells of the hours between hunts, the evenings of delightful talk, the occasional days of strenuous literary work when Mr. Dawson's typewriter, bought for a fabulous sum at Nairobi, began to record Mr. Roosevelt's dictation at nine in the morning and was still recording it at two the next morning. Mr. Dawson's account of Bwana Makuba's hippo hunt at Naivasha is new, and amusingly fills in the outline as it stands in Mr. Roosevelt's own diary:

July 16. Wrote—fever.
July 17. Wrote—fever.
July 18. Getting better.
July 20. Five hippos.

There are some hitherto unpublished letters in the book and one complete speech which has never been printed outside of British East Africa. The excerpts from Mr. Dawson's own diary are very revealing. Altogether the book belongs with the best which has been written about a man who, by his sheer human sympathy, evidently made himself as beloved wherever he went in Africa as he did in his own country.

MAHATMA GANDHI. By Romain Rolland. The Century Company, New York. $1.50.

The author of "Jean Christophe" has a temperamental sympathy with Gandhi, and perhaps also some preconceived bias against British control of other peoples. Certainly this is not a judicial weighing of present-day issues in India. It is, however, a sincere recognition of Gandhi's ideals and his devotion to the

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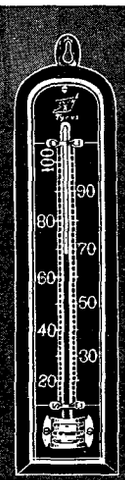

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higher interests of his people, and an interesting exposition also of Gandhi's doctrines of simple living, the restoration of handcraft, the reprobation of violence and persistence in the warfare of non-resistance, but also of non-co-operation against perpetuating what he considers tyranny.

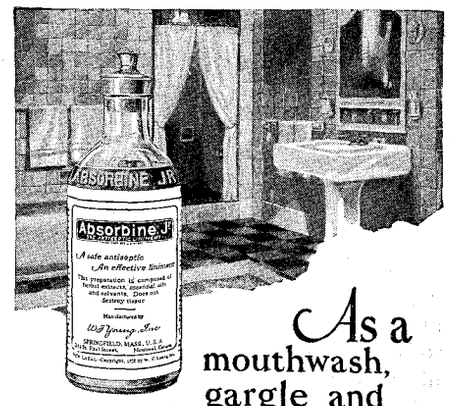
STORY OF MY LIFE (THE). By Sir Harry H. Johnston. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $5.

Perhaps it is just because Sir Harry Johnston has had such a varied life that his memoirs lack perspective and balance. He gives us a bare page or two about his quarrel with Cecil Rhodes and ten times as much about a trivial if mildly amusing social misadventure. He floods us with geographical and racial data, yet doesn't provide a single map, except one of Africa as he once thought it ought to be. One may dig out of the book passages of importance or entertainment, but one is dismayed by the superabundance of detail. Sir Harry is evidently writing to please himself; but he would have pleased his readers better if he had severely edited his own story. He has earned distinction in many fields —as explorer, empire-builder, naturalist, linguist, and even as novelist (for his singular extension of Dickens's "Dombey and Son" and of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession"—under the titles "The Gay-Dombeys" and "Mrs. Warren's Daughter"—are highly original and decidedly clever). But he is somewhat erratic and combative in his prejudices; his devotion to science makes him unable to differentiate between pietism and religion, as, for instance, when he scorns the part Christianity has played at Hampton and Tuskegee or when he almost praises George Moore's "The Brook Kerith" but refrains because Moore introduces the prickly pear into Palestine at a scientifically impossible date! Altogether the book is a queer medley of good material entangled with needless particulars, not a well-connected, well-proportioned narrative.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

CRITICAL VENTURES IN MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE. By Arnold Whitridge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

The author has selected nine French writers, not because they are pre-eminent, nor with any idea of making a handbook of French literature, but because he has personally something he wants to say in each case. He doesn't hesitate to criticise freely, and he frankly admits that some of his subjects are mediocrities. Thus he includes, on the one hand, such recognized writers as Stendhal and Sainte-Beuve and, on the other, De Nerval, the suicide and all but madman, and Sacha Guitry, the author



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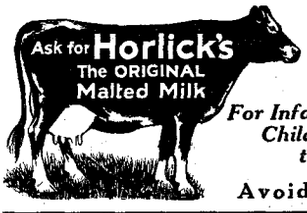

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Departments for the Rose, Dahlia, Iris, Peony, Gladiolus, and other flowers; a Queries and Answers department; Sturtevant's Odds and Ends; The Glad Philosopher's Musings; Month by Month With the Flowers; Timely Suggestions; Our Birds; The Garden Club; Notes and News; and an Editorial department, and an Editorial **policy** which is strangely lacking in most magazines.

Many items of interest to Nature lovers and students of the great out-of-doors and those who aspire to better living conditions, more beautiful surroundings, and better habits of thought.

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The Offer **60 Gladiolus Bulbs** grown in the Editor's own garden, with full details for planting and culture, postpaid, and a *year's subscription (12 issues) both for $2.00.* Either bulbs or magazine alone easily worth this price. By far the best value I have ever given—you cannot fail with these bulbs. Almost as many varieties as bulbs, and all the shades of the rainbow.

Plant the bulbs, watch them bloom, read THE FLOWER GROWER, **and see what happens**

Madison Cooper, Editor, 48 Court St., Calcium, N. Y.

TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER: Ten months for $1.00 if you mention "The Outlook."

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of the plays "Deburau" and "Pasteur." The little group of familiar talks (they are hardly essays) is stimulating and unconventional.

SALVOS: AN INFORMAL BOOK ABOUT BOOKS AND PLAYS. By Waldo Frank. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

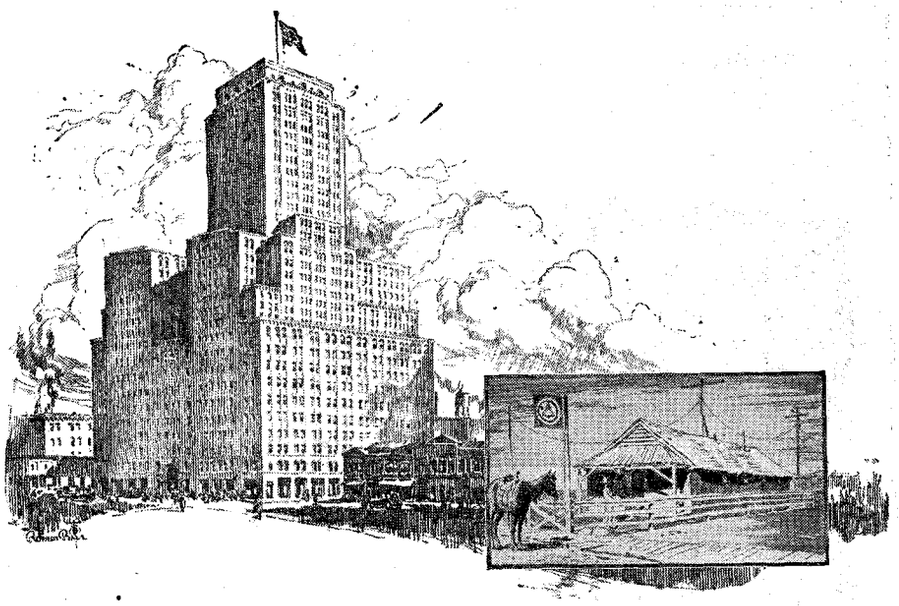
If this book were by some member of the Faculty of the University of Illinois or of Columbia University, we could explain it. For from those learned bodies, so we have read in the "Dial," the "Freeman," and (the old) "Smart Set," comes nothing which is not "reactionary," pompous, humorless. Those are precisely the words which describe these essays; Mr. Frank is as pontifical as if he sat on St. Peter's throne, as dogmatic as Jonathan Edwards, as humorless as Dr. Frank Crane. He is ponderous even in his foot-notes, as, for example, "The significant Dada movement of Tristan Tzara is an attempt to articulate the rejection of this first conviction."

Nearly every essay in the book is well adapted to make the flapper, sitting in a Greenwich Village tea-shop, roll her eyes and marvel at the "wonderful use of words." The fondness for high-sounding terms and sentences is rather Ethiopian; at times it almost creates an illusion that there may be some thought behind it.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

MAN AND MYSTERY IN ASIA. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Marvels, adventures, and human tragedies attend on Dr. Ossendowski's footsteps. His "Beasts, Men, and Gods" has stirred and excited its thousands of readers as have few works of fiction. There he told of his escape from Russia, after the outbreak of Bolshevism, through the Yenesei forests, Mongolia, and Tibet to India. Here he goes back to the perils of earlier journeys in Siberia, Sakhalin, and elsewhere—four separate expeditions in all. And, as before, whenever he steps out of his tent or opens a new chapter the reader is safe in betting that there will happen things extraordinary, things mysterious, things that, as the "blurb" says, will make that reader's blood tingle. There is "One Eye," the robber with a removable glass eye; there are brigands who make pockets in their own flesh to conceal their deadly knives (or was that in the first book?); there is the accursed tomb that refuses to allow itself to be photographed; there is the tale of the lost town and the skeleton; there is the somber tragedy of the monk, the woman, and the skeleton; there are curiosities (miracles all but) of natural history. Captain Traprock's marvels were far funnier, but not much more wonderful; and Dr. Ossendowski's marvels have the



Each Serves Its Community

In Frazer, Colorado, a log cabin of three rooms shelters a telephone exchange that connects with the mountain homes of cowmen, miners, homesteaders and tie-cutters. In the heart of New York City a new building of twenty-nine stories is to become the home of several metropolitan central offices serving some 120,000 telephones. This building will contain, as well, offices for executives and for engineering, commercial, plant and accounting forces, providing space for over 7000 telephone workers.

Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of $180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—so that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.

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Came Home and Stepped into a Lawsuit

JASON expected to be in Europe only a week or two, but business kept him there two months.

While he was gone, a problem arose in the management of the Hapgood estate, calling for his decision as executor. He decided by cable, without full knowledge of the facts. The estate lost money, and the Hapgood heirs brought suit against him, charging mismanagement. Virtually, Jason went from the steamer to the courtroom. He was found legally responsible, and had to make the loss good out of his own pocket.

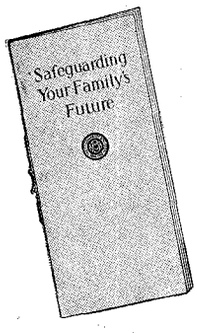
Men often step into estate management without realizing the responsibilities assumed and the exacting work involved. They give permission to friends to name them as executors in wills, and forget the matter, until suddenly called upon to act. Executorship requires business judgment of the highest order, close attention to numerous details, accurate accounting, expert knowledge of investments, and many other qualifications.

It has been found, by experience extending over more than one hundred years, that this is work for an institution, the trust company, rather than an individual, because it has continuous life, and the collective experience and knowledge of its officers and directors is wider than the individual possesses.

Mismanagement of an estate may be unintentional, as in the case of Jason. Through lack of knowledge the individual executor may make wrong investments, hold securities when they should be sold, overlook some important detail of routine business, make a decision that causes loss.

A little-known fact: An individual executor can, at any time, by rendering an accounting and asking consent of court, turn these responsibilities over to a trust company.

Ask a Trust Company



for a copy of an interesting free booklet entitled "Safeguarding Your Family's Future." It discusses wills and trusts, the duties of an executor and trustee, and the advantages of trust company service. The booklet may also be obtained by writing to the address below.

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advantage of being absolutely true; for his collaborator, Dr. Palen, gives us a full and circumstantial history of the author's quite remarkable and varied achievements and scientific and literary attainments, one of his latest services having been as adviser on Far Eastern affairs to the Polish Embassy at the Washington Conference. Thus we have the most delicious thrills and the most wide-opened emotions of surprise combined with guaranteed realism.

POETRY

BRITISH POEMS FROM CHAUCER TO KIPLING. Edited by Percy Adams Hutchison. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.75.

A well-chosen anthology, with nothing startling in its choices or rejections. The poems generally accepted as the best work of the various poets are almost invariably the ones included.

MISCELLANEOUS

POISON MYSTERIES IN HISTORY, ROMANCE, AND CRIME. By C. J. S. Thompson. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

"Fie on these dealers in poison, say I: can they not keep to the old honest way of cutting throats, without introducing such abominable innovations from Italy?" Thus says De Quincey in his celebrated essay "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." And a later writer has justly remarked that De Quincey, frowning upon "the poisoner's delicate and nimble art," selects as a palmary example of the purest and most perfect style of murder, the case of the savage Williams, who exterminated two whole families with a carpenter's maul.

Mr. Thompson, author of this book, has no such narrow prejudices, and produces within four hundred pages of a book which looks even smaller an encyclopædia of poisons and their use. There is no nation of the earth whose use of poisons he does not investigate, no kind of poison he does not describe, no story or legend connected with the subject which he does not relate. It is not a "dangerous" book in any sense, for, as the author shows, modern chemistry has found a way to detect almost every poison, and the day has gone by when you can invite your enemy to dinner, treat him to a "poisoned cup," as the Borgias were reputed to do, and hope to "get away with it." Poison is perhaps the most dangerous weapon of all to the person who tries to use it.

Mr. Thompson relates stories of Egypt, of Nero's Court, of the mediæval plotters, and of mysteries in England, Scotland, France, and in other parts of Europe. He discusses curious allied subjects, such as love-philters, poisons in food and in warfare. The section, nearly half the book, devoted to famous mysteries of the last two centuries, is espe-

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cially interesting. His information about the Molyneux case, in New York, lapsed at the end of the first trial, so he leaves his readers to suppose that this ended the case. He has another odd American mystery, about a "millionaire pork-packer" who must have been an extreme Anglomaniac, since he and his friends always talked of money in terms of "pounds." Mr. Thompson cheerfully awards Dr. Crippen's nativity to America (which is correct), but fails to show that Dr. Neill Cream, another dealer in poisons, was returning to his native land when he came to England from America. But these are minor omissions in an extremely interesting book, sure to be sought by all that large number of eminently respectable citizens who have no thought of taking to murder as a pastime, but dearly love to read about it.

SUPERNORMAL FACULTIES IN MAN. By Eugene Osty. Translated from the French by Stanley De Brath. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

When one reads on the jacket of this book that it is a study into the whole subject of supernormal cognition, one looks ahead, hoping for light. The subject is treated, one learns, in its two main aspects of Cryptesthesia and Metagnomy. Plainly here is not a book for any but the specialist. It is a psychological study of such curious manifestations as telepathy, clairvoyance, dowsing, and the like.

Books Received

FICTION

BROKEN BUTTERFLIES. By Henry Walsworth Kinney. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

HEIGHTS (THE). By Marguerite Bryant. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

HOUSE FULL OF PEOPLE (A). By E. and M. Scharten-Antink. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $2.50.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

COMMON SENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION (THE). By A. T. Southworth. Allyn & Bacon, New York. 60c.

ECONOMICS FOR EVERYMAN. By James Edward Le Rossignol. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

FEDERAL INCOME TAXES. By E. E. Rossmore. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $6.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

GOD OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS (THE). By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.75.

IDEA OF GOD (THE). By Professor Clarence A. Beckwith. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

SCIENCE

EVERY DAY PSYCHOLOGY FOR TEACHERS. By Frederick Elmer Bolton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

MANUAL OF CULTIVATED PLANTS (A). By L. H. Bailey. The Macmillan Company, New York. $7.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROHIBITION—GOING OR COMING? By Elton Raymond Shaw. The Shaw Publishing Company, Berwyn, Ill. $2.

SHAKING THE DUST FROM SHAKESPEARE. By Harris Jay Griston. The Cosmopolis Press, New York.

OPPORTUNITIES to the tourist, to the settler and homeseeker, to the business man and manufacturer, and to the investor.

Oregon's scenic beauty, awakened energy and vast resources are attracting the attention of people everywhere. Her position in the Pacific Northwest and on the Pacific Coast—commercial, industrial and agricultural, is dominant and secure.

Oregon is on the eve of great development. Through her own ports, her products—lumber, wool, grain, fruit, fish, dairy products, are finding their way to the markets of the world. In her strategic cities and towns hum the wheels of industry. And Oregon's agricultural lands are the most productive, under natural conditions, of any section in America.

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Oregon's hydro-electric resources total commanding figures.

Oregon's incomparable highways make her many scenic wonders, her inland and coast resorts, easy of access.

Portland, metropolis of Oregon, second port on the Pacific Coast, largest lumber producing center in the world, a general manufacturing center, city of homes and contented people, invites you to visit her and her sister communities, and to participate in the opportunities offered throughout the State.

Write today, for any information desired, Bureau H,

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When you read an article in The Outlook that you think will particularly interest a friend who is not a subscriber, send his name and address to us, mentioning the title of the article, and we will mail a complimentary copy of The Outlook to him with the article marked for his special attention.

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THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send a copy of The Outlook, issue of ..... containing the article entitled ..... to:

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The Mail Bag

Denny Has a Shave

DEAR Mr. Outlook, if you don't stop sending me ten dollars every now and then, I fear I shall get another dog.

It is a reckless life.

In the very middle of writing a most thrilling story a letter comes with ten dollars in it. What's a man to do?

"A long time, and a very long time—a long time ago"—as we used to sing at sea, my pal and I used to go ashore in the evening when the day's work was over, he on one side, I on the other side of the street. We were both broke, being healthy lads without the desire for wealth other than heart's wealth. While I kept my eye on the street scuppers to port of the street he did the same to starboard. Once he picked up a fifty-cent piece entire. We were very gay at that. Life was hard in the lime-juice ships, and our greatest ambition was to have a "square feed." We called it a "scoff" in those days. But my pal was of an artistic nature. He was somewhat unshaven, and decided that he must at all costs have a shave. I argued that a shave would cost at least fifteen cents; but he said that he must have one, anyway. He said it wouldn't come to over a dime. Shore folk, when making a purchase, always ask the price of a thing. Sailors make the purchase and then ask the price. This is the difference between the sea and the land breed of men. So you may tell them.

I gave in, and Denny betook himself within the doors of a barber shop.

Barbers' shops, I have since discovered, vary. Just as there are cheap eating-houses and high-priced ones, so are there cheap and high-priced barbers. In those days I was very happy and knew naught of the ways of the shore folk. A shave was a shave, and that was the end of it. Thus while Denny went for his shave I strolled up and down the sidewalk. To my sheer delight I saw and gathered in from the street scuppers a dime—a new and shiny one.

I have always been very fond of flowers, and now made up my mind that if Denny must have a shave I must have a buttonhole. I bought a bunch of violets at a flower stall on the corner of Market and Kearney; then returned to await my comrade's reappearance. By and by he came out. He was beautifully shaved (at sea we used to shave on Sunday morning, when we also brushed our teeth and gave our plates and pannikins the weekly wash. With a ship rolling her rails under one does not worry too much about leaving a clump of bristles here

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and there any more than one worries about leaving half a split pea stuck to the rim of one's tin plate.) He was not only shaved, but they had brushed his clothes and shone up his shoes. He strode out, or, perhaps I may say, he rolled out, looking somewhat perturbed.

"Where did you get the flowers?" said he.

"I picked up a dime," said I.

"You idiot!" said he.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"It cost me the whole fifty cents, and now we're broke again," said he.

We divided the violets and proceeded up the street to look at the shore-going people eating their square meals.

"That dime would have bought us a lot of doughnuts down at Clark's," said he.

Denny was Irish and had very little sense. I am only half Irish.

He had inadvertently entered the barber's shop beneath Frisco's swell hotel.

Denny was drowned in the South Atlantic, on the wet road homeward. I hope that when old Peter is befuddled enough to let a sailor slip in I shall meet him up there. Doubtless he will have a bunch of violets in his hand, and say, "Here, Bill, you idiot! Now let's go and get a shave and then have a free scoff, eh?"

Well, I hope so. BILL.

Modesto, California.

Why the Flag Was Not Half Masted

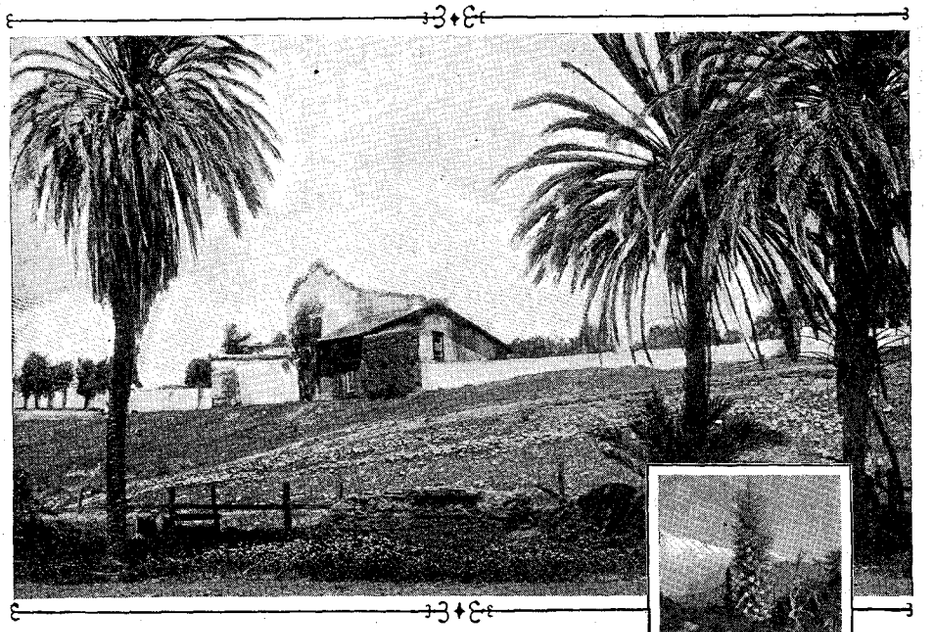
PERMIT me to say something in regard to your article in The Outlook of February 20, concerning "Toujours les Boches." It was indeed a lack of good judgment, a breach of etiquette or good form—in short, it was undiplomatic not to have placed the flag at half-mast on Mr. Wilson's death. But those gentlemen at the Embassy here simply were carried away by their personal feelings, which must, and only could, be feelings of hate for a man who caused the downfall of their country. This is only human. President Wilson could have avoided the cruelest of all warfares, the hunger blockade—the hunger blockade, the cruelest way of war cancering. It will never be forgiven before God and men in the history of the world.

Those gentlemen in the German Embassy here would have felt like the greatest hypocrites on earth to lower the flag for that one man, who brought all this misery upon their people, on their poor downtrodden country.

As every story has two sides, please stop your narrow, your unchristianlike articles in your otherwise interesting magazine, so that we with German blood in our veins can enjoy reading them.

GERMAN-AMERICAN.

Washington, D. C.



New Sights—Complete Change

Here's your finest summer vacation—Come

IT'S the complete change and the numberless new things to see and do that make a vacation here the finest that you can imagine. For Southern California is a strange land, unlike any other that you have ever visited.

The weather is ideal, for one thing. Days are delightful, nights cool. The forty-seven year record taken in a central city in this district by the U. S. Weather Bureau shows the average mean temperatures to be:

47 Junes.....66 degrees
47 Julys.....70 degrees
47 Augusts.....71 degrees
47 Septembers.....69 degrees

Summer is the *rainless season*, too. Each day is perfect for outdoor fun. And for each day there are scores of interesting things to do. Enjoy new sights, new activities every hour if you choose.

Climb the twin peaks, Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson, and from a single vantage point see the great San Fernando Valley, unending miles of orange groves, historic Spanish missions, progressive cities and towns and the blue Pacific shimmering in the sunlight.

See the Hollywood Bowl, set in the foothills, where each night in summer a famous symphony orchestra delights thousands. Motor into Santa Ana Canyon and find a solitude, restful, soothing.

Nearby sources of raw material, an unmatched year-round climate, the cheapest hydro-electric power in America, and contented workers have brought an amazing industrial growth here with untold opportunities for manufacturers and investors.

Stand on a rocky headland at Laguna Beach and watch the battering surf or sun yourself on a sandy beach for hours at a time. See acres of oil derricks on Signal Hill, a strange sight, indeed. Wander in gardens containing the rare blossoms of many lands. The matchless Yosemite National Park is but a short trip away. It's an unforgettable, inspiring, tremendous spectacle.

Motor over 4,000 miles of paved boulevards that lead to all these beauties, these unique sights. Truly this is a different land. You'll love it. Come and see.

Find your favorite sport better than you've ever known it. Play golf on sporty courses, well turfed with grass tees and greens. Many tennis courts are available.

Ride, hike and motor through the valleys, into the mountains, anywhere you choose. Fish for brook trout or hundred-pound fighters of the sea. Swim in the surf. Sail before a fresh breeze. Camp in a virgin forest.

Spend days and weeks doing those things you love to do—that bring the finest kind of rest and relaxation. Find complete change that builds you up and makes you fit for another year's activity.

Come now, or come this summer. Special summer round trip railroad rates make it easy. You'll find accommodations here to fit your purse. It's a great trip to which you have always looked forward. Plan now. Ask any railroad ticket agent or send coupon to us for additional information.

But come for your finest summer. See what a vacation in this strange land will do for you in physical benefit and untold pleasure.

All-Year Club of Southern California

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 903, 2601 S. Figueroa St.,
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Please send me full information about the summer and year-round vacation possibilities in Southern California.

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Special Real Estate Announcements

The issues of April 16 and May 21 will also contain a Special Real Estate Section particularly adapted for announcements for the Sale or Rental of Property

BERMUDA

BERMUDA FOR RENT, owner's furnished residence, fifteen rooms, modern conveniences, exquisite views, near ferry and golf course. Dr. A. H. FRITH, Bermuda. Also cottage five rooms.

CANADA

For RENT—Big Gooseberry Island
Chester, Nova Scotia
Island, 60 acres, ¼ mile from main land. Furnished cottage, 11 bedrooms. Fine woods, tennis court, good wharf, 3 bathing beaches, sailboat, power boat, rowboats, canoe, kitchen garden, fishing, excellent sailing and bathing. For further particulars, including photos, plan of house, etc., apply to 1,219, Outlook.

GEORGIAN BAY FOR RENT
June 20 to Sept. 10, attractive cottage near Honey Harbor, completely furnished for 7, including help; 2 boats. $350. Launch extra, $175. S. P. Langley, Martin Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.

For Sale—Estate on beautiful **Lake Memphremagog**, 3 miles north of 45° in Quebec. Ideal for summer school, hotel, or winter resort. For particulars correspond with Chas. E. Audinwood, Derby Line, Vt.

CONNECTICUT

For Sale Bridgeport, Conn. On corner lot
(128 ft. front) residential park, house of 11 rooms and 2 baths. First story, chimneys, fireplace, and large porch, cut stone. Hot water heat, electricity, garage. 845, Outlook.

For Sale or Rent
"Old Brookside" Farm, on New State Highway
Chesterfield, near New London, Ct.
300 acres, 12-room 2½-story house, piazza, large shed, new 4-car 2-story garage, also large barn, all good condition; apple orchard. Estimated upward 600 cords hardwood fuel. Charming country, wide views; only short drive to best bathing beaches. Sell $2,500 down, balance $7,000 on 5% mortgage. Also near above, 3 old-style 6, 5, 4 room cottages. Each has acre choice land. Sell $2,200, $1,500, $1,000. Cash or part on mortgage.
W. T. CLANCY, 111 B'way, N. Y. City.

FOR RENT Cornwall, Conn.
In foothills of Berkshires. Furnished colonial house, large living-room, dining-room, parlor, and book room, 3 open fireplaces, furnace, 6 master bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms, large piazza. 3 acres, well shaded. Good sewerage and water supply. 5 months for **$400.** Write 1,305, Outlook.

Berkshire Hills Section
If you wish to rent an estate, camp, or cottage in this section, write or wire **E. L. Peabody, Broker, Lakeville, Conn.**

Who is looking for a piece of rough land to tinker with? Wonderful views in the heart of Litchfield Co. hills. 276 acres, $3,000. Myra H. Hopson, West Mt. Kent, Ct.

Long Island Sound Residence for sale. 12 rooms, 5 master's rooms. 2 water-front furnished cottages for rent. Write Crescent Beach Land Co., Crescent Beach Conn.

For Sale. Cottage on the Sound. Garage, all improvements, ready for immediate occupancy. Desirable home 8 months of each year. Ives-Bristol Realty Co., Guilford, Conn.

CAMP SITE 20 acres, 600 feet salt-water water-front, **for SALE.** Many trees, brook, high ground. Write OWNER, Box 306, New London, Conn.

WESTERN CONNECTICUT FARMS and COUNTRY HOMES FOR SALE
R. F. MYGATT, New Milford, Conn.

SACHEM'S HEAD, CONN. For Rent, furnished, convenient summer cottage. 7 rooms, electricity, near water. Apply H. K. Lane, 1416 N. Bouvier St., Phila., Pa.

FARM AND SUMMER HOME FOR SALE IN THE CONNECTICUT HILLS, NEAR LAKE
Twenty miles from Hartford. Three houses with plumbing and heating, barns, poultry houses, sheds. 225 acres. Choice building sites, beautiful views. Ideal location for summer colony. P.O. Box 1,968, New Haven, Conn.

FOR SALE 3,000 ACRES mountain land heavily wooded, elevation 2,000 feet. 3 hours from New York City. About 2 miles from tract to nearest railway station. 1,273, Outlook.

CONNECTICUT

Colonial House
In the Foothills of the Berkshires
Washington, Conn.
A country place of about 8 acres, situated in the midst of charming scenery. Colonial house of 14 rooms, 6 open fireplaces, steam heat, 3 bathrooms. Stable with living quarters, 2-car garage, chicken house and yards, icehouse, flower and vegetable gardens, never failing water supply from individual spring, Waring sewage disposal system, admirable church and school advantages, and golf.
An all-year-round home of charm and comfort. *On the Litchfield branch of N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R.* By motor about two hours from New Haven and Bridgeport and one hour from Waterbury by the new Woodbury road. 847, Outlook.

For Rent, Tea House with living accommodations and icehouse; wired for electricity; price per season $250. For further particulars apply 1,255, Outlook.

MAINE

For Sale—Maine
Cottage, partly furnished. 1st floor: living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, pantry, maid's room and toilet, store-room. 2d floor: 5 bedrooms (two with running water), bathroom with hot and cold fresh and salt water. Large piazza. Good plumbing, modern sewer system, all in good repair. Two acres of land. Location ideal, on hilltop next to clubhouse on island in Sheepscott Bay, near Bath and Boothbay Harbor. Easy communication. Price reasonable. 1,195, Outlook.

BATH, ME. FOR SALE
Fine colonial house. Large rooms, screened porch, 8 bedrooms, 4 baths, attractive location. Ideal summer and winter home. For particulars apply to Owner, 123 Argyle Rd., Ardmore, Pa.

For Rent Belgrade Lakes, Me. On Great Pond
3 housekeeping bungalows, new and attractively furnished; 6 and 7 rooms with 2 baths each, 9 rooms with 3 baths. Electric lights, wood, ice, garage. Address 909, Outlook.

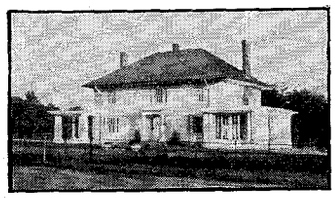
FORTUNES ROCKS, Biddeford, Me. 2 shore cottages for rent, furnished most attractively for modern housekeeping. 8 rooms, bath, 2 toilets, electricity, water. Also small furnished camp for three persons. Miss ESTHER W. SMITH, Andover, Mass.

Boothbay Harbor, Maine
LOG CABINS, furnished. Electric lights, town water, fireplaces, 2 to 4 sleeping-rooms, living-room, kitchen, and bath. Among the pines, overlooking ocean. $150 to $275 season. Nickerson's Community Camps.

Camden, Me.
TO LET. High-grade summer cottage. 9 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 fireplaces, garage.
W. W. PERRY, Camden, Me.

CAMDEN, ME. Seashore and mountains combined. For rent, fully furnished, several high-class cottages, $500 up. Best selections now. Photos, plans, and full description. J. R. Prescott, Newtonville, Mass.

For Sale
MAINE SHORE



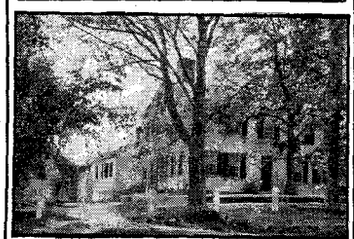
CASCO BAY. 10 rooms, bath, extra lavatories and toilets; all conveniences, city water, electric light, hot-water heat; 4 fireplaces, one in sun-porch; 2-car heated garage. Property new, built 1920. One acre land, partly wooded, on State road Portland to Brunswick; trolley service; 7 ms. from city center.
G. L. CROSMAN, Falmouth Foreside, Portland, Maine.

Christmas Cove, Me. To Let for season. New, fully furnished cottage on point facing ocean. 9 rooms, 6 bedrooms, electric light, and engine. Photos. E. Arrowsmith, 170 Clinton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAINE

Heron Island, Me. FOR SALE. One of the finest situations on the coast. 2-story bungalow, 9 sleeping-rooms, partly furnished, at nearly one-third cost to duplicate. Liberal terms. Photos, plans. McCLAVE, 1 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

ISLESFORD, ME.
FOR SALE at a sacrifice price to close an estate, or to RENT
House, 12 rooms, hardwood floors, open fires, fine water supply, modern conveniences; two acres of land, trees, garden, sandy beach, boathouse, wood and icehouse. Fine view of mountains. 20 minutes from North East and Seal Harbor. *Moderate.* Apply GUARANTEE TRUST AND SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY, 316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



FOR SALE
Beautiful Country Estate
In Kennebec Valley, Me. Old colonial house with modern conveniences, large house for help. 3 large barns, garage, and other outbuildings, equipped with electric lights, power, and city water. 250 acres, 120 tillable, level and in high state cultivation. 5 miles from Augusta on asphalt highway and trolley. 1½ miles from country club and lake. $18,000. A. S. POPE, 19 Brook St., Brookline, Mass.

Kennebunkport, Me. For rent, furnished, cottage facing ocean, near Old Fort Inn. 5 master bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 maids' rooms and bath, large porches, electric lights. Address Mrs. S. H. Jones, 7737 St. Martin's Lane, Chestnut Hill, Phila., Pa.

For Sale—Attractive summer home, excellent view, on Lake Cobbosseecontee, Winthrop. Good buildings. 50 acres, 1,000 ft. shore front, well equipped cottage. $15,000. 1,039, Outlook.

Small Hotel or residence, sale or lease.
Finest resort house coast of Me., thoroughly overhauled. Hardwood floors, bath, fireplaces; garage for 12 cars, with 8 unfinished rooms above. ONLY HOTEL HERE. 20 miles from Portland, good business. Would make nice private residence. SELL CHEAP. Write **T. F. MOREAU,** Lewiston, Me.

COTTAGE FOR SALE at MacMahan Island, Me.
on the seacoast, between **Bath and Boothbay Harbor,** two acres, wooded, 500 feet shore front, splendid modern dwelling, with large covered piazza overlooking ocean. 12 rooms, 2 baths, extra toilets, hot and cold salt water, stone fireplaces. $12,500, furnished. Real estate agents please take notice. HOWE & DAVIS, Orange, N. J.

To Let Cottage Maranacook Lake, Me. Six rooms and bath, furnished, modern conveniences. H. H. EDGERLY, 51 Howe St., Lewiston, Me.

Ferndean, Ogunquit, Me. A charming country home, beautifully situated, combining unusual attractions of seashore and country life. Fully furnished. 5 fireplaces. Modern conveniences. For plans and photograph address *The Misses Talfourd, Guilford, Conn.*

Ogunquit, Me. For Sale Cottage fronting on ocean. 12 rooms with bath, electric lights. Furnished or unfurnished. Large lot with garage. Address Mrs. G. F. Shaw, 54 Gammons Road, Wabau, Mass.

OGUNQUIT, ME.
FOR RENT. Furnished cottages for the **summer.** All modern conveniences. E. S. WARE, 44 W. 10th St., New York City.

For Sale Ogunquit, Me. Valuable property, fine view of ocean. 1½ acres, furnished cottage, 9 rooms, 2 porches, 2 studios, running water. S. M. Ketcham, 1010 Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

Pemaquid Harbor, Maine Coast. To let, furnished cottages, large or small, $150 to $350 season. Fishing, boating, bathing. Eva E. Whitehouse, 2025 Broadway, Apt. 3G, N. Y. C.

MAINE

For Rent On Penobscot Bay, Me.
Attractively located cottage, fully furnished, all modern conveniences, electricity. 8 rooms and bath, also garage. Good fishing, boating, bathing. Within 10 minutes' walk of golf club. For particulars address 1,321, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN'S FARM OR COUNTRY HOME IN MAINE
Very desirably located on the Federal Highway and commanding a fine view. Extensive lawns, surrounded by large maples, all kinds of shrubs, and an artificial pond. Fifty acres land, some wood and timber, small orchard. House has 12 rooms, bath, town water, and wide verandas. Large stable and garage. Will sacrifice for immediate sale to close estate.
Maine Realty Bureau, Portland, Me.

LOG CABIN On Maine Lake
3 bedrooms, bath, fireplace; furnished. $1,000.
MAINE LAKES & COAST CO., Portland, Maine

ROBINHOOD, ME.
SALE OR RENT
Ideal summer home. House furnished. Seven acres of land and other buildings. Directly on the water, east coast Georgetown Island. Accessible by road from Bath, eight miles, and also by steamer from Bath to own dock. Particulars and photographs S. M. Neff, 19 Clarks Hill Ave., Stamford, Ct.

Sorrento, Me. TO LET
Attractive cottage. 4 rooms, bath, **fully furnished,** sleeping-porch, piazzas. Magnificent views, golf, swimming, boating, tennis. Rent $200. Apply Mrs. L. E. ROWE, 251 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Sorrento, Me. Furnished Cottage **TO LET or FOR SALE.** 12 rooms, 2 baths, near water, moderate rental. Atishian, 2 W. 83d St., N. Y. City.

To Be Let Wingfield, 10 acres, **on York River, Me.**
Near country club, 10 minutes' drive from York Harbor. Completely furnished. 7 master's bedrooms, 4 baths, 4 servants' rooms and bath, garage and man's room, garden, view. Address SYMINGTON HOUSE, Princeton, N. J.

MAINE COAST FARM
WASHINGTON COUNTY
On beautiful river. 10 acres, fine buildings, well furnished; canoe, rowboat, etc. 9 miles from best lake fishing in Maine. Ideal place for family with small children.
Rent May to November—$500
For photo and particulars apply
OWNER, 26 East 63d Street, New York City.

WE OFFER a large and desirable list of rental properties for the coming season on the **Coast and Lakes of Maine.** Lists sent after learning your requirements. MAINE REALTY BUREAU, Portland, Me.

MAINE COTTAGES TO RENT: Cape Elizabeth, $900. Falmouth, $1,500. Camden, $3,000. Diamond Is., $400. Searsport, $650. Belgrade Lakes, $1,200. Seal Harbor, $800. Rangeley, $650. Maine Lakes & Coast Co., Portland, Maine.

MASSACHUSETTS

BERKSHIRE HILLS
Homes Estates
PITTSFIELD—LENOX—STOCKBRIDGE
also
Furnished homes for
SUMMER RENTAL
R. C. ROBERTSON, Pittsfield, Mass.

A completely furnished house in the Berkshire Hills
About 120 miles from New York
Steam heat, electricity, and garage. Two baths, four sleeping-rooms, living, music, and dining rooms. Kitchen and ample pantries. Several acres, vegetable and flower garden. The gentleman owning this property will rent it to a desirable tenant for room and board for himself. Apply 1,249, Outlook.

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Real Estate

MASSACHUSETTS

FOR SALE
Exceptionally well located country place in the FOOTHILLS of the BERKSHIRES

Delightful view, 11 acres, colonial house, 11 rooms, recently remodeled, 3 fireplaces, 2 baths, new furnace, town lighting, combined barn and garage, detached laundry and woodhouse, ice house, fine tennis court, good elevation and plenty of old shade. 3 hours from New York. Address
W. B. CRANE, Kingston, Pa.

Summer or Year-Round Home
12 rooms and 2 halls, bath, laundry, flower-room, 12 closets, 2 cellars, large piazza commanding valley view and sunset; electricity, steam heat, 2 fireplaces, city gas, water and sewer connection, also deep well. Good neighborhood but not too near; 1 mile from post office, 5 from golf links. Garden, fruit trees, vines, nice lawn, large barn for cars, poultry house. Full description and photos. Price reasonable. **Dr. FAY MacFADDEN, 441 Chestnut Hill Av., Athol, Mass.**

BUZZARDS BAY and CAPE COD
Our business is Real Estate and Insurance in the above section, and in this section only. We are agents for the class of seashore properties which rent from $500 to several thousand dollars for the summer. Our list includes the desirable properties for sale and rent at all the various summer resorts.
H. NELSON EMMONS & CO.
Offices:
49 Federal St., Boston — **Hyannis, Cape Cod**

SEASHORE COTTAGES & ESTATES
in NEW ENGLAND, for Sale and Rental
Cape Cod, Buzzards Bay, North and South Shores of Massachusetts and Camden, Me.
Illustrated Booklet Sent on Request
CONSULT OUR SEASHORE DEPT.
HENRY W. SAVAGE, Inc.
Est. 1840. **10 State St., Boston, Mass.**

CAPE COD Longnook Beach, Old Truro, Mass.
Furnished cottages, 5 and 6 rooms and bath. **$200 to $350 for season.** LUTHER C. GREENLEAF, 101 Tremont St., Boston.

CAPE COD
We cover the Cape and Sunapee Lake. Catalogs postpaid. THE CHAPIN AGENCY, Boston 1.

TO LET—Dedham, Mass.
Modern low, rambling house of 14 rooms, 4 baths, large porch, garage, garden, and 2 acres land. Near river and Polo and Country Club. Golf, tennis, and riding. $1,000 from June 15–Sept. 15. Address J. MORRILL.

FOR SALE—9-room summer cottage; hillside; fully furnished; broad verandas; pines; beautiful views; fireplace, bath, toilet. **East Northfield, Mass.** Can be used 9 months. HART, 988 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROCKPORT, MASS.
Golf, Bathing, Health

Cottages for sale or to let at Land's End, Stone Haven, Headlands, Bearskin Neck, Village and Pigeon Cove.
HELEN LANE THURSTON
20 Pleasant St. Tel. 80 Rockport

Williamstown, Mass. FOR SALE.
Farm of about **200 acres,** with dwelling and farm buildings, attractively located for development into a gentleman's estate. Several high-class developed estates for sale. Town residence properties for sale or for lease for summer. Wm. F. Cameron, Agent, Williamstown, Mass.

To Let—For Summer Months
Brick Residence on 7-Acre Place
Fruit and shade trees, vegetable garden. House fully furnished. 5 master's bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 servants' bedrooms, bath, lavatory. Garage space two cars, rooms for chauffeur. Details and photographs on request. Williamstown is of international interest during the meetings of the Institute of Politics in August. S. F. CLARKE, Williamstown, Mass.

Williamstown, Mass. To rent furnished, July, August, Sept. (including session of Williams College Institute of Politics), beautiful old colonial house; lawn and garden, two-car garage. Close to college grounds. TALCOTT M. BANKS, Williamstown, Mass.

Beautiful Southern Colonial 10-room house
In Fine New England Town
Commuting distance from Boston on B. & A. Acre of land, with vegetable and interesting flower gardens. House has all improvements, 2 baths, electric range, etc., all in perfect repair. Fine barn attached. Price $12,000. Send for photo and particulars. 1,303, Outlook.

MINNESOTA

For Sale—Minnesota
A Sportsman's Paradise on island, 110 acres, on head waters of the Missouri River. Altitude very high. Will sell at a bargain, only part cash. Address Wm. A. Selser, Stuart, Fla.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.
Charming Summer Homes and Cottages, furnished, for rent and for sale. Write for booklets. SARGENT & CO., New London, N. H.
Headquarters Lake Sunapee Real Estate

FOR SALE—Small Farm
Five miles west of LITTLETON, N. H., near Connecticut River. Little over 100 acres, mostly in white pine and maple woodland. Remodeled farmhouse, containing living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, laundry, woodshed. One bedroom and bath downstairs. Two bedrooms and maid's room second floor. Three porches. Running spring water. Old barn, not remodeled. Furnished simply. Price complete, $5,500. An attractive summer home for a writer or an artist. Address Owner, 1,261, Outlook.

SUGAR HILL, N. H.
For Sale or for Rent. Exceedingly attractive furnished cottage with most desirable outlook in White Mountains. East piazza faces Franconia Range, side piazza Green Mts. of Vermont. 10 rooms, 2 baths, 2 lavatories, open fireplaces, electric lights, garage. Near Sunset Hill Hotel and golf course. Apply to J. B. HARDON, 87 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

For sale. Warner, N. H. Permanent or summer home, tea room or inn. 12 rooms, all improvements, piazzas, sun-parlor. 1½ acres. Reasonable. Photos and particulars. H. Hall, 252 Highland Ave., Winchester, Mass.

FOR RENT. Delightful summer home, situated on high land in village of **West Swanzy, N. H.** On State road, 6 miles from city of **Keene.** Spring water, outdoor living-room, sleeping-porch, electricity, telephone, garage. $75 monthly, or $250 for season of four months. MRS. J. W. SPARHAWK, West Swanzy, N. H.

For Rent Beautiful cottage, heart of White Mountains
Fine view Mt. Washington. 3 double bedrooms, bath, modern plumbing, living-room, open fireplace, dining-room, pantry, kitchen. Garage. Swimming, golf, tennis available. Price moderate. 1,329, Outlook.

FOR RENT. June-October. Fully furnished 14-room house in small, desirable summer community in New Hampshire hills. Private lighting plant, garage. 1,137, Outlook.

NEW JERSEY

Chatham, N. J. To Let, Furnished. Small new **colonial house,** private road, near depot, school, trolley. Living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 3 single, 1 double bedrooms, bath. July, August, or longer. References. J. D. C., Box 148.

Gillette. Farmhouse, furnished, summer. 6 min. Lackawanna R.R. Spacious grounds, 11 rooms, electricity, bathroom, garage. George A. Cornish. Phone Millington 86 F 13.

For Rent, near Gladstone, N. J.
For one or more years, remodeled farmhouse. 8 rooms and bath; good buildings, 150 acres land, including woods; good view. Moderate terms to satisfactory tenant. For particulars apply to E. Tuckerman, 49 Wall St., New York.

TWO small attractive new houses in the desirable South Side of MONTCLAIR for sale at moderate prices on easy terms. For particulars address OWNER, 135 West 14th St., New York City.

NEW MEXICO

FOR SALE
BIG GAME HUNTERS
Best Preserve in U. S., with Profitable Ranch
I. W. Valentine, 373 4th Ave., New York City.

NEW YORK

FOR RENT for SUMMER
"Lakeview House," furnished colonial dwelling of 14 rooms, bath, fireplace, 2 large porches, extensive lawn, garden. Situated on high elevation overlooking lake ¼ mile distant, on State road from Millerton to Sharon, Conn. 90 minutes from New York City. Boat landing furnished. Apply to L. B. & H. E. CULVER, Amenia, N. Y.

Adirondacks, Jay, N. Y. Furnished cottage. 7 rooms, bath, laundry, piano, porches, shade, garage. 3 mos., $275. Camp, 5 rooms, bath, $175. Central for touring. A. WARD, Box 1372, Orlando, Fla.

Adirondacks—The Crater Club, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. Furnished cottages without housekeeping cares at moderate rentals; meals at the Club. *References required.* Circular on application. John B. Burnham, 233 Broadway, New York.

NEW YORK

For Sale, Unfurnished, or For Rent, Furnished
"THE KNOLL"
the home of the late Dr. Lyman Abbott at
CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.
The house contains twelve rooms, three baths, lavatory, electric light, and steam heat. There are on the property also a cottage, with bath and electricity, and a garage and cow barn. About two and a half acres of land afford ample room for garden. Many shade and fruit trees. Views of mountains and river. Address
H. W. CHADEAYNE
44 Smith Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

FOR SALE
KEENE VALLEY, ESSEX CO., N. Y. Heart of Adirondacks. Modern cottage, perfect condition, completely furnished. 5 master bedrooms, 2 sleeping-porches, 3 baths, 2 servants' bedrooms (4 beds), 5 fireplaces, living-room, dining-room, butler's pantry, kitchen, and servants' dining-room. Detached laundry, woodshed, icehouse. Garage, chauffeur's room. About six acres—brook, trees, lawn, mountain views. Close to Keene Valley Country Club. An Sable Club (golf) 3 miles. Attractively priced. Apply Charles J. Hatfield, M.D., Montgomery Ave., Chestnut Hill, Pa., or Duryee & Co., Saranac Lake, N. Y.

KEENE VALLEY
The Heart of the Adirondacks
Two chalets, attractively furnished, each with large living-room, fireplace, three master's rooms, sleeping and dining porches, bath, maid's room, garage, beautiful views, abundant water, wood and ice included, also bedding and some linen—no table linen. The larger cottage $800, the smaller $600 for summer season. Swimming and tennis at country club. 1,319, Outlook.

For Rent or Sale Furnished house, Heart of Adirondacks. On State road to Montreal. Bath, hot and cold water, electric light. Accommodates 10 to 15 people. Thriving business for 11 years. MRS. NELSON HALE, P. O. 152, Keene, N. Y.

ATTRACTIVE BUNGALOW
TO RENT. On Trout Lake, three miles from Bolton Landing, on Lake George
Furnished throughout. 3 bedrooms, large living-room with stone fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, and bathroom. Wood, ice, and rowboat included. Terms moderate. For full particulars address 1,149, Outlook.

Adirondack Mts., Lake George, N. Y. To Rent. Well-furnished cottages, modern in every respect. Applicants must furnish references. A. B. Leotaud, 137 Glen St., Glens Falls, N. Y.

On Lake George, at Bolton Landing. For rent, fully furnished summer home on lake shore. 10 bedrooms, 4 baths, large living, dining, and play rooms, wide piazzas, covered dock, tennis court, vegetable garden, garage, ice, electric light. Splendid view of islands and mountains. Everything adapted for informal family summer life. Address A. W. Knauth, 49 Wall St., N. Y. C.

LAKE GEORGE For Sale or To Let, 2 Cottages
Fully furnished. 8 and 10 rooms, sleeping-porches; bathrooms, hot and cold running water. Roofed docks, filled ice-house, 2 gasoline launches, 2 rowboats. 200 feet lake front. Best location on Lake George. 1,131, Outlook.

For Sale On Bolton Road, Lake George, N. Y. 17-room cottage, furnished, modern improvements. 240 feet lake frontage, dock for motor boat. Also **cottages for rent.** Inquire HARLOW HILL, Lake George, N. Y.

First Lake, Old Forge, N. Y. Adirondack Camp fully furnished, ideal location. To rent for entire season, $1,500. Write to 1,253, Outlook.

ADIRONDACKS
ST. HUBERTS
Housekeeping cottage, picturesque surroundings, **fully furnished,** piano. 9 bedrooms, 2 sleeping-porches, 4 baths, study. Garage. S. B. WESTON, 1324 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

LAKE LUZERNE
On State Road between Saratoga and Lake George
Two furnished cottages for rent, seven and eight large rooms. Electricity, baths, open fireplaces. Near hotel and four golf courses and Saratoga races. Apply to Mrs. John McWilliams Berry, 35 Elk St., Albany, N. Y.

NEW YORK

Modern Summer Home on Beautiful
Lake George
For Sale at a Sacrifice

LOCATED ¾ mile from Silver Bay, 3 miles from Hague, 13 miles from Ticonderoga. 17 acres, largely covered by beautiful Pines, Oaks and White Birches. Main residence of Swiss Chalet design. Beautifully furnished. 4 master bedrooms, 2 large sleeping-porches, 3 master baths. Extra large living-room with 2 enormous cobblestone fireplaces. Guest cottage, keeper's and chauffeur's house. Garage for 4 cars. Excellent garden. Fine sand bathing beach. Boat house. 2 motor boats.

Immediate Occupancy
Photos on request

Joseph P. Day
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67 Liberty St., New York. Telephone Cortlandt 0744

FOR SALE Catskill Foothills
Farm, picturesque stone house. 7 rooms, modern conveniences, secluded, abundant woodland, garage, barn, swimming nearby. Near **Kingston** and **Woodstock** H. F. DUNBAR, HURLEY, N. Y.

For sale. Central Valley, N. Y. 9-room house, all modern improvements, about 2 acres, garden, fruit trees, flowers, shrubbery. Wonderful view of mountains and valley; large garage. Price moderate. Mrs. H. H. RITTERBUSCH, 215A 72d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the Hills of Otsego Co., at Cherry Valley, N. Y. Old colonial house, with all modern conveniences, completely furnished, 2 fireplaces, sleeping-porch, ample grounds. On State road. PAUL NORTH DAKIN, 165 West River St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

HYDE PARK—On the Hudson. 2 acres; large house, outbuildings; fine lawns, fruit, vegetable gardens; on Albany Post Road. George Schweppenhauser, 2417 Jerome Ave., N. Y. C.

CHARMING KINDERHOOK
Farms and village places. Send for booklet.
Rural Life Co., Kinderhook, N. Y.

Comfortable COUNTRY HOME, Near KINGSTON. Mountain View, 50 acres, woods, swimming, farm buildings. House, partly furnished, good condition, improvements, 3 fireplaces. Write Milton Wend, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for full description.

Lake Champlain For sale or rent. Cottage, 6 rooms, furnished; south of Essex; 1½ acres land; beach. Rent $175. E. W. Leaning, Loudonville, N. Y.

Highest residential section **Lake Champlain**
All-year home **for SALE or RENT, FURNISHED.** Steam heat, electricity, baths, fireplace, beautiful trees, fine views, churches, schools, boating, golf. 983, Outlook.

CRATER CLUB, Essex-on-Lake Champlain, N. Y. For Sale or Rent—Summer cottage, attractively furnished. 5 bedrooms, large living-room with fireplace, large porch. Separate maid's quarters. Address F. Murray Halpin, 118 William St., N. Y.

Lake Champlain
Large 2-story Camp, "In The Cedars," Furnished 3 screened sleeping-porches, fireplace, telephone, ice, bathing beach, garage. 25-mile view of lake from porches. D. & H. sta. near. $500 for season. Mrs. E. L. Bond, Keeseville, N. Y.

FOR SALE Essex-on-Lake Champlain
Adirondack Camp-Cottage on shore, 2 acres, 100 ft. water-front, most desirable location, beautiful views lake and mountains. 5 bedrooms, living-room with large stone fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, and laundry, wide porch, fully furnished for housekeeping except bedding and silver. Price $4,000. Miss LADD, 20 Park Drive, Brookline, Mass.

Lake Champlain
For Sale, furnished camp, secluded in pine grove. 200 ft. frontage, 5 bedrooms, boathouse, 2 boats, garage, filled icehouse. W. B. Sprague, 426 Cutler Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Camps for Sale or Rent at CRATER CLUB, Lake Champlain, Essex, N. Y.
F. Murray Halpin, 118 William St., N. Y.

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Real Estate

NEW YORK

WESTPORT-ON-LAKE CHAMPLAIN. To Let. Furnished cottage house. 7 rooms, bath, electric lights, fireplace, pure spring water, beautiful location. Address R. H. STEWART, 22 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE Flushing, Long Island

10-room house with 3 baths, standing on one of the most desirable corner lots in Old Flushing. Thirty minutes from doorstep to Pennsylvania Station, New York. An ideal home for persons to whom sunlight, winter warmth, year around comfort, and unusual accessibility are an object. For particulars phone Flushing 1452J, or write 98, Outlook.

Peconic Bay, L. I. House, 5 bedrooms, bath, electricity, garage, in grove on water's edge, completely furnished, **for rent.** Particulars and terms Room 1102, 345 Madison Ave., New York City.

Sale or Rent PECONIC BAY, Nassau Point harbor, finished cottage, almost new. 7 rooms, bath, garage, *hot and cold water, electric light,* and pump. Large oak trees, acre land. I. L. WHITE, Hobart Road, Summit, N. J.

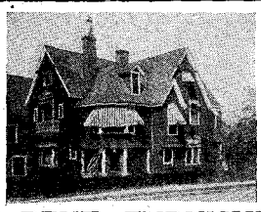
North Shore of Long Island

Belle Terre, Port Jefferson. For Sale or Rent FULLY FURNISHED. Shore front property. 4 acres; beautiful woods. House built 1912. 10 bedrooms, 3 baths, garage, dock. Write Owner, 305 Highway, Riverton, N. J.

119-Acre Farm 18 miles from Poughkeepsie. *High and healthful,* fine hunting. 9-room house, good barn, accommodations for 20 cows. 1,281, Outlook.

Woodland Valley, N. Y. Rent or Sale

Southern Catskills. Furnished bungalows in ROXMOR COLONY. All conveniences. Organized community service and advantages. Secluded. Restricted. **Roxmor Inn** and **Garage** adjoining. *Descriptive and illustrated information on* request. E. B. MILLER Phœnicia, N. Y.



TO RENT, FURNISHED

May to October, $1,000

North Yonkers

Garden, croquet ground. On Park Ave. trolley. Ten rooms besides sleeping-porches and laundry. Two bathrooms, back and front stairs. Gas and electricity. Corner lot, good light and air. Write or phone owner for appointment to view.
K. KINGSLANDSMITH, 718 Palisade Ave., Yonkers. Phone Yonkers 948-M.

NEW YORK

SALE OR RENT "Viewcrest," Stamford, N. Y.

7 acres, large colonial house, all improvements, *well furnished, garage, orchard,* tennis court, croquet ground, near railroad station, spring water, hot and cold in bedrooms, hard floors, electric lights, all conveniences, viewpoint of Catskills, 2,000 feet high. A. G. REEVES, 165 B'way, Manhattan, N. Y.

Near Plattsburg. 4 miles south, 2 miles Lake Champlain. Ideal modern residence. *10 rooms, 2-car garage, hard road, open country.* For sale, $4,500. E. L. Taylor, Plattsburg, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOR SALE

Summer Home or All-Year Residence in central Pa. Overlooks from 70-ft. rock terrace a live city, river, and plain. 10-room modern house, electricity, phone, pure water, *mountain air.* 10 acres *garden or orchard* land, 13 wooded, all fruits. Attractive wooded glen entrance from public road. Two through R.R. lines. State roads. Full description to interested. **E. J Baird, Lock Haven, Pa.**

RHODE ISLAND

To Let Bungalow at Prudence Island, R.I.

IN NARRAGANSETT BAY. Apply J.D. Sawyer, 16 Warren Ave., Pawtucket, R.I.

VERMONT

WANTED—A pleasant neighbor to rent my 5-room and bath furnished bungalow at

DORSET, VT.

Fireplace, village water, electricity, screened porch, mtn. view. Near golf club and hotels. Summer season $350. Address Miss E. Carhart.

For Rent, on Lake Champlain

Opposite Historic Fort Ticonderoga

Furnished summer houses, all modern improvements, garage accommodations. Address CHARLES CUNNINGHAM, Larrabee's Point, Vt.

To Rent Season, $200 to $500

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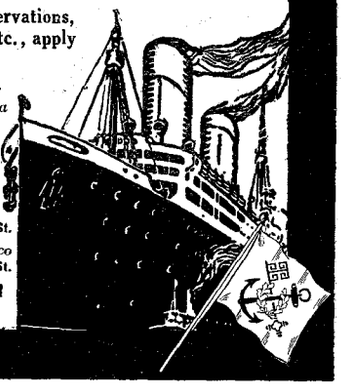

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By the Way

"THE other day a man asked me," a New York City wholesale druggist said, as reported in the "American Magazine," "what one drug of all those we have would be most missed if it were taken from us. I think the substance that would be most missed is iodine." The druggist went on: "Synthetic preparations have to a great extent taken the place of medicinal herbs, roots, and seeds. Yet our firm still buys herbs by the bale. The crude products prepared for use at home have held their popularity. . . . Medicines used to tone up the system in the spring are chosen to a great extent according to the individual's nationality. People of German descent use herbs and roots. Many Italians make a practice of taking cod-liver oil. Americans are very likely to call for Rochelle or Epsom salts. You have probably not forgotten the days when your grandmother used to bring out the annual spring mixture of molasses and sulphur. It is still used by many families."

From the "American Mercury:"

Outline of the history of a man's philosophical knowledge from early youth to old age:

1. I am wrong. 2. I am right. 3. I am wrong.

Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, was once famous as a rendezvous for "bad men," rustlers, and other desperadoes. Now it is a country devoted to cattle-raising, agriculture, and "dude ranching," a correspondent of the "Rural New Yorker" says. The last-named activity consists in giving Easterners an opportunity of roughing it *à la* Wild West. The era of prohibition, however, has deprived the Wild West of some of its former excitements. The article quoted says:

> Up to the era of prohibition this was the sort of Wild West described in the cinema. Saloons and gambling holes flourished, and cow punchers with spurs, chaps, Stetson hats and six-guns would gallop into town, making the air blue with profanity and gunpowder. To-day the cow puncher still wears his Stetson and packs a gun on either hip, but he does nothing more heinous than to sit on a dry goods box in Bob Lundy's general store and talk about the weather.

A famous story told by the late Bishop Walsham Howe is repeated in an English magazine. It illustrates the Irish peasant's cleverness at a "come-back" as well, perhaps, as any of the numerous stories of that character:

"Bishop Howe said that when he was touring through Wicklow he asked the jarvey the names of the places through which they drove. 'What do you call that?' 'Sure, that's "The Divil's Bit," yere rivirence.' 'And what is this?' '"The Divil's Punch Bowl," yere rivirence.' 'And what glen is this?' '"The Divil's Glen," yere rivirence.' 'It seems to me that the Devil owns the whole country.' 'Well, maybe now, in a way of shpakin', the Divil might be said to own the whole counthry, but sure he's an absentee, like the rest of thim, and shpends the mosht of his time in England!'"

"My young son," a subscriber writes, "showed me a picture of Lincoln (as a young man) lying on the ground, which was printed in your last issue.

"He said, 'Father, do you really suppose Lincoln would loaf on the job like that?'"

It must be remembered that Lincoln was a very tall man, and that he occasionally assumed attitudes that might seem as if he were "loafing" but that were really simply comfortable to him. In Jesse W. Weik's recently published book "The Real Lincoln" it is recorded that Mr. Lincoln's favorite position for reading a book was with his back against an upturned chair, flat on the floor. He became deeply absorbed in his reading while in this position, which would be very uncomfortable for most readers.

From the Marvel (Ark.) "Herald:"

It is much better to learn from a paying teller that you have money coming to you than it is from a fortune teller.

"Take the man who is by many regarded . . . as Germany's leading writer—Thomas Mann, . . . one of the clearest and most statesmanlike thinkers in Germany. With his scrubby little mustache, plentiful dark hair, medium height, and clothes of singular cut," says a contributor to "The Bookman," who interviewed him in his home in Munich, "Mann spoke idealistically of the future of Germany, recovering from a false and distorted romanticism which had become materialistic and returning to the paths of humanitarian democracy with an idealized America more or less as a lodestar."

"All time and eternity itself are embraced in the first four letters of the alphabet," is a riddle offered for solution by a subscriber.

She adds: "Do you know that at our post office you can buy thirteen two cent stamps for a cent and a quarter?" This is strictly true, and our readers will enjoy the ingenious play on words.

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